

PRESENT DAY PARIS
AND
THE BATTLEFIELDS

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THE VISITOR'S HANDBOOK WITH THE CHIEF
EXCURSIONS TO THE BATTLEFIELDS

BY
SOMMERVILLE STORY



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PRESENT DAY PARIS AND THE BATTLEFIELDS

CHAPTER I

PARIS OF TO-DAY

NEXT to the delight of visiting a new and interesting place oneself for the first time, I know no experience so pleasant as to guide a friend, provided he or she be receptive, interested and enthusiastic, through a town or country which one knows well. Not too well, however; there must be a margin left for little discoveries together—for the charm sometimes of the unknown amid what one knows—just as one likes to find unexpected traits in one whom one loves and thinks one knows thoroughly.

So, reader, I shall assume that you do not know Paris, and that I am to guide you in this delightful journey that you are making for the first time—I who know the Queen of cities well, though she still has many and many a surprise for me, as I find out every day.

Let me presume it is your first visit to Paris then. You have heard of the city all your life as one of the most wonderful places on earth; many of the

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spots in it are doubtless as well known to you by name as the places in your native town. Half the best stories in the world are laid partly or wholly in and around Paris, and you cannot have done much reading of ancient or modern things without your mind reverting continually to this city and its great names and its famous sites.

What, then, will strike you most in Paris when you have been here a few days—what is it that strikes most of us? First and foremost, it will be borne in upon you that this city is made for the pleasure of its inhabitants and visitors. There is everything here for the delight of the eye and the senses. It is a city full of light and light gayety. There is business taking place; there is work being done, but they are being done brightly and philosophically, as if they were the means to living and not the only reason for living. Nor are these things too evident; they are kept in the background, and the pleasantness of life is thrust forward as much as possible. The Parisian tries to keep somberness and gloom in the background. The city has its shadows and its tragedies, but it is the high lights of the picture that seize and arrest the attention. Look at the crowds in the cafés—those cafés which seem never to empty, morning, noon or evening; look at the serried lines of promenaders up and down the boulevards, and at the men and the girls going to and from their work or just amusing themselves (and to judge by appearances these latter are in the ma-

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jority). There is no furtiveness, no haste about them—no signs of the struggle for life that one meets with in some great cities. They can look life and the world in the face, for they take it all gayly and jauntily. That is the prevailing atmosphere of Paris. The French power of recuperation is wonderful, as has been proved over and over again in their history.

Napoleon, in one of his pettish moods, said the French were children. This may be so, but they are knowing children, far from the fretfulness of age, and not easily terrified by the problems of existence.

Another thing that will strike you when you know the French capital a little better is that it is the most modern of cities. Though its origin dates from remote antiquity, and though it loves its picturesque past, Paris is intensely up-to-date and of to-day. Every new thought pulsates through its arteries in one way or another; every hour of the day new ideas are jostling the old ones and making a way for themselves. The watchword of the politicians—those that “count”—is the Revolution, and change and surprises and the clash of thought make up life here.

Remember, too, that Paris is France in a far greater degree than you can say that London is England, or Rome is Italy, or Berlin, Germany, or New York or Chicago or any other city is the United States. Paris is the heart and the brains of the country, although there is such a great and intensive life in many a provincial center.

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Just as France wants to be loved by her neighbors, so Paris likes to be admired and made much of by those who approach her. She is laid out to attract. You must admire—or not stop here. The prevailing impression is that of a city of pleasure, from the bright clear air (which seems to have been brought here on purpose, and indeed it was for this that the location was chosen by the early builders of Paris, or Lutetia) to the very lamp-posts, which are so graceful and artistic, and the alluring way in which the café chairs are arranged.

The artistic taste of the people strikes you at every turn. You will have noticed the women, whether they be ladies of leisure or working women—did you ever see women that dressed so admirably, not necessarily as regards the richness of their apparel but the way in which it is all worn and the daintiness of the details?

There are few sordid-looking houses, except in one or two of the outlying quarters. The general air of well-being and comfort is accounted for by the flat-living habit, as the poor often reside in the same houses as the well-to-do—on the top floors. Of course, there are objectionable features about Paris; you will find them out if you have the critical faculty, but they are quickly and easily passed over in the general impression.

You will learn a great deal of the history and the art of Paris as you go about your sight-seeing, but your chief business is with the Paris of to-day

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and her efforts to make your stay within her walls agreeable and profitable. It is not given to everybody who enters within her walls to do so, but if you are able to come into contact with French people, your stay will be rendered very much more enjoyable, and you will learn a great many things that this little book cannot tell you, and that books about the city never do tell you. You will learn what a nation of artists this people is, and yet how critical they are; you will learn what a great patriotism and love of their own past beat in the breasts of those who superficially seem to think but of the moment; and how their great strength is the family tie. The great stability of France resides in the country's thoroughly grounded habits of thrift. Nothing is ever wasted in this country; and as a wise lady put it to me in conversation once, the waste of one average American family (in pre-war times) would often keep a dozen modest French families.

There is no city or country where the theater plays so great a part in the life of the people. It is the leading form of amusement (often it joins instruction with pleasure) in which everybody indulges; and nowhere is the theatrical art carried to such a high state of perfection. The French actors and actresses are on the whole the best in the world. Not only are there theatrical performances every day of the week and sometimes twice a day, especially Sundays, but on National holidays there are free performances at the four State-endowed theaters. In

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summer we have open air performances in some of the parks or chosen suburbs. There are societies for aiding one to go to the theater economically, and theater-going to those who live in the country and know how to go about it, is cheaper than in any other country.

A word as to the table. The French understand the arts of cooking and of "ministering to the inner man" better than any other people, variety being the keynote of their ideas in this respect, and by this I mean the kind of variety that goes with economy. They have dozens or more ways of cooking a potato, and innumerable methods of "doing" an egg. The war has, unfortunately, wrought great changes among the Paris restaurants, and nearly everything that was written about them some years ago is now out-of-date; but you will try some of them yourself, choosing those most suited to your purse, which is easy nowadays, since all are forced by law to put up their prices visibly on the outsides of their establishments. Do not imagine, however, that it is only in the very high-priced houses that you will find good cooking and good wines.

Finally, remember this—that Paris is the most self-contained and self-satisfied city in the world. A great majority of her citizens know little of and care less for what happens outside her walls; if their thoughts stray to other cities, it is on account of their interest in what Parisians are doing there. *Civis Romanus sum* is their motto, and it suffices them;

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these walls and a few acres round them contain a cosmos. It is true that for some years past the Parisian has been gradually if slowly widening his outlook, but it remains, nevertheless, a fact that for him his city is the center of the universe. It was more so than ever during the war, and in these days of victory it is doubly loved from the dangers that were gone through.

CHAPTER II

FASHIONABLE PARIS—THE MADELEINE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, AND L'AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSEES

A VERY suitable center from which to begin one's sight-seeing in Paris is the Church of the Madeleine, on the Boulevard of that name. The Madeleine, imposing outside, with its magnificent lines of pillars, but rather gloomy within, is the most fashionable of Paris churches, and here a good many society weddings and other ceremonials take place. A fashionable wedding here is often a very picturesque sight, not the least interesting part of which is the crowds of "midinettes" and others who watch. It has had a varied history. In 1806 Napoleon decreed that the church should become a temple of glory to commemorate the deeds of the Grand Army. After 1815, however—after the battle which changed history and sent the great Emperor into exile, the temple returned to its former purposes of a church. The bronze doors of the church represent the Last Judgment, and there are some fine sculptures inside, as well as an interesting, if rather incoherent, fresco (by Ziegler) over the altar, representing the history of Christianity, which was brought to France by Clo-

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vis, and introducing ancient and modern personages. Some of the Communards were slaughtered here in 1871.

During the recent war the Madeleine was hit once by a shell from the notorious long-range gun, "Bertha." It was at eight o'clock on the evening of All Saints' day in the summer of 1918, and as that was the first shell fired on that day, it came literally as a "bolt from the blue," even in those nerve-racking times. The head of a Saint at the back of the church facing the Rue Tronchet was knocked off, as well as portions of the walls and vaulting (the headless Saint can still be seen), while the shell buried itself in the cloister beneath, and hot smoking splinters from it were picked up two streets away.

In the two squares on either side of the church flower markets are held every Tuesday and Friday, and the flower stalls are a beautiful sight at any time of the year, but, of course, more particularly so in spring and early summer. The French are very fond of flowers, and on the eve of every Saints' day it is the custom (as, of course, in all Catholic countries) to carry flowers to those who bear the name. It is their "fête," and the fête day is more celebrated in these countries than the birthday. The flower shops and stalls of Paris in general are among its most attractive sights. At Christmas time you will find the Madeleine market filled with Christmas trees, holly and mistletoe, though it is only of

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recent years that the French have adopted these Yuletide customs.

Now stand with your back to the façade of the Madeleine, and note the fine sweep of street in front of you. It ends in another magnificent building—the French Chamber of Deputies, the House of Parliament, which is on the left bank of the Seine. To the right of you there is a fine sweep of boulevard, ending in the Church of St. Augustine. On the left stretch the boulevards a distance of two and one-half miles to the Bastille. There are frequent fine buildings of this kind in the Paris streets, terminating in a monumental building, which differentiates Paris from many other old cities, where you come to a dead end of historical buildings in corners as if they had been built there. This is largely the work of Baron Haussmann and his successors.

The Rue Royale, down which we are now walking, is one of the fashionable streets of Paris. That first building on the left, now a business house, occupies the site of a once famous saloon, where General Boulanger, the soldier who has lately been dictator of France, used to meet his friends and adherents. There are several other good class restaurants in this street, where one can partake of excellent French cooking, and where, though the prices are not cheap, one at least gets one's money's worth if one is careful. The middle of the street is cut by the Rue St. Honoré, which runs parallel to the Rue St.

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Honoré, running respectively left and right. The Faubourg was once a residential suburb of the French aristocracy; that is perhaps why it now contains so many old furniture dealers. A little way down the right, No. 39, is the British Embassy, which is also with a fine garden, which was bought by Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, and was bought from her by the Duke of Wellington for the British Government, since which it has housed a succession of able Ambassadors. The Emperor Edward stayed there more than once, and the King and Queen have also resided there.

Farther on is the Elysée Palace, which is the official and private residence of the President of the Republic. The Ministerial Councils are mostly held here. Madame de Pompadour once resided in this mansion, as did also later the Duchesse de Bourbon, and still later Joachim Murat, Josephine, Louis Bonaparte, the Duc de Berri and Queen Hortense. It is full of beautiful salons, some of which are hung with Gobelin tapestries. The Palace is separated from the Champs Elysées by a fine garden.

If we come back to the Rue Royale we find on our right the tavern Maxim's, one of the most famous of the bars and dining and supping places of the city. It is a leading center of nocturnal life, and of a very expensive character. Between Maxim's and the building at the corner of the

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Place de la Concorde, the visitor should notice a simple poster on the wall, which is protected to-day by a thick sheet of glass. It is one of the most sacred documents in recent French history, being the order for the mobilization of the French armies in 1914. The big corner building on the left as we enter the Place is the Ministry of Marine. Opposite and a little to the left are the Tuileries Gardens, to which we shall return.

The Place de la Concorde is perhaps the most beautiful square in Europe and certainly one of the most historical. It was once called Place Louis XV, and if you look on the wall of the corner nearest the Champs Elysées, turning into the little Rue Boissy d'Anglas, you will still see the old inscription, almost effaced. This building, by the way, was formerly the mansion of one of the great French families; it is now the Hotel Crillon, and during the latter part of the war and the peace negotiations was an American headquarters. Next to it is the Automobile Club de France.

In 1770 a terrible event occurred in the Place de la Concorde, which was doubtless at the time and for long afterwards referred to as a presage of evil. At a fireworks display, given to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI) with Marie Antoinette, a panic and stampede took place, and some twelve hundred people were killed and two thousand injured. Awful presage indeed! It marked the beginning of the ill-feeling against

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the "Austrian" Queen. A little over twenty years later the guillotine was erected in the square, then named Place de la Revolution, and not only the King and the beautiful Marie Antoinette lost their heads there, but also Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland ("O Liberty! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"), Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Robespierre, and two thousand other people perished here in less than two years.

The Place was named "de la Concorde" in 1799; several times changed, this name was restored in 1830, and has been preserved since. Russian and Prussian troops encamped here in 1814, in which year there was held here a service in memory of Louis XVI, attended by three Monarchs; English troops were encamped here the following year, after Waterloo, and Prussian troops were here again in 1871, after the capitulation of Paris. During the Commune the Place was the scene of a bloody struggle.

During the recent war the Place and the Avenue des Champs Elysées were the scenes of numerous martial and patriotic processions and manifestations, in which the troops of all the Allies took part. The first contingent of American troops who came to France under General Pershing received an uproarious welcome, as they accompanied the "Star-Spangled Banner" across this historic square. But the most stirring of all the sights witnessed here was the march of the Fourteenth of July, 1919—

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the first of the new peace and victory, when all the Allies and their Generals marched through serried, roaring ranks of Parisians.

The obelisk in the center of the Place was presented to Louis Philippe by Mehemet Ali, of Egypt. Originally from Thebes, it is said to boast the respectable age of over three thousand years, and consists of a single block of red granite seventy-six feet high, weighing two hundred and forty tons. The beautiful fountains are copied after those at St. Peter's, Rome; the one on the south side is dedicated to the seas, that on the north, to the rivers.

Besides military demonstrations, the Place de la Concorde has always been the scene of interesting patriotic manifestations. Of the eight statues round the square, representing the chief French cities, the first two on the left are the most interesting (they are, curiously enough, both by Pradier). The second one is Strasbourg, which was in the hands of the Germans from 1871 until the end of the present war, when Alsace reverted to France, and during all that time the statue was covered with crape and bunting and wreaths. During the great war Lille, the capital of French Flanders, shared the same fate as its sister, and the first statue on the left, dedicated to that city, was invested with the same pathetic interest. The wreaths were placed on the statues by patriotic societies on various anniversaries, such as the Fourteenth of July. These emblems were taken down when the cities were re-

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stored to the French people. On July 14, 1918, and the succeeding days, booths were opened beside the statues for the sale of National Defense bonds, and a wonderfully brisk business was done.

"Qui vive? France, quand même!" a notable utterance of the patriot Déroulède, was the inscription which for years hung on the Strasbourg monument, and now that France has come victorious out of the great and terrible struggle one realizes its truth indeed. Truly France lives, more superbly than ever!

Turning towards the Champs Elysées (or Elysian Fields), look now up to the Arc de Triomphe. What a splendid triumphal route! The Avenue is one and one-third miles in length, and the name was given to it in the seventeenth century, those gallant days of musketeers and swashbucklers, when they loved sonorous names. It has always been the favorite promenade of Parisians, and small wonder. On a fine spring day, when the "elegant equipages," as the last generation used to call them, roll up the Avenue to the race courses, the sight is a very inspiring one. On the first Fourteenth of July after the outbreak of the war the ashes of Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the national hymn, "La Marseillaise," were brought down the Avenue en route for the Panthéon, the President and all the great officers of State accompanying in a solemn procession.

Before proceeding up the Champs Elysées, we must go and stand on the Concorde Bridge and look up and down the Seine. The view from this bridge,

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with the Eiffel Tower on the one side and the distant pinnacles of Notre Dame and other landmarks of old Paris on the other, is one of the wonders of the world. No matter at what time of the day you contemplate it, whether in the early morning in the full blaze of the midday sun, or in the evening, when the bluish gray mists creep up the river, or once again at night, when the lights of heaven are reflected in the waters, and the dimmer diadems of the bridges stand in ranks one after another like ghostly courtiers, the scene is always full of beauty and fascination.

Opposite you is the Chamber of Deputies, the façade of which, somewhat more recent than the rest of the building, looks like a replica of the Madeleine facing it. The original name of the building is the Palais Bourbon, and it dates from 1722. It was confiscated in 1790, but restored to the Prince de Condé in 1814, and afterwards purchased by the Government. Around it are statues of great men and of the goddesses whose qualities they are supposed to have possessed. The Chamber of Deputies is not as imposing to look at as either St. Stephen's, at Westminster, London, or the Capitol at Washington, but as weighty and thrilling problems have been settled within its walls during the past century, and many illustrious men have sat on its benches. The Palace can be visited when the Chamber is not in session; or when it is, by asking a deputy for a ticket of admission.

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Retracing one's steps and going up the Champs Elysées, the visitor's attention is first of all arrested by the two famous statues of horses by Coustou flanking it on either side. They are known as the "Marly Horses," as they came from Louis XIV's Château at Marly, which was destroyed during the Revolution. On either side, but particularly on the right, are a number of summer restaurants and music halls—Les Ambassadeurs and Alcazar (R), Jardin de Paris (L), etc. I would draw your attention particularly to one statue on the right among the trees as you go up the Avenue—that of Alphonse Daudet, the famous writer, because it is such a charming example of the French sculptor's art. What a delightful fellow and what a gentleman Daudet looks, just as if he were going to receive you in his salon! Daudet has been called the Dickens of France, and, as a rough comparison, it is good enough, although he is extremely different from the English man of genius. Nothing more charming than some of his stories has ever appeared in the French language, and those who have not read the "Pope's Mule" have missed one of the choicest stories in the world, while his praise of onion soup can be placed beside Thackeray's praise of "Bouillabaise."

Nor must I omit to mention the children's playground in the Champs Elysées—the excellent sand heaps and the goat carriages, the vendors of hoops and gingerbread, and, above all, the Guignol, or Punch and Judy Show. Guignol is a great insti-

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tution in France, and considerable talent is employed in devising programs for the youthful auditors and their attendants. During the war Guignol was quite warlike and patriotic.

The two imposing buildings we now come to—the Petit Palais and the Grand Palais—were built for the 1900 Exhibition. In the larger one, adorned with bronze groups, friezes, and other sculptural decorations, are held at various times of the year the different art salons, as well as automobile and aviation salons and horse shows. During the war this big building was a hospital, and in one wing there was established a school, with workshops, for the training of men disabled in the war, an institution established by representative members of the foreign colonies of the city. The picture salons were held as far back as 1673 (though not, of course, in this building) and were always a social function, for all French people are more or less connoisseurs in art matters. The Petit Palais is mostly devoted to art collections belonging to the city of Paris.

Let us pause to admire the magnificent Alexander III Bridge, which was erected as a memorial of the visit to Paris of that Czar and of France's alliance with Russia. The bridge has proved the more durable of the two. The first stone was laid by Nicholas II in 1896. Beyond it are the Esplanade des Invalides and Hôtel des Invalides.

Up to this part of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, it is flanked on either side by two other avenues—on

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the left, beside the river, the Cours la Reine (made by order of Queen Marie de Medicis in 1610) and on the right the Avenue Gabriel, which ends beside the back entrance of the garden of the Elysées Palace (note the Gallic cock on the gate) and the Avenue Marigny. We pass, too, the Théâtre Marigny, and come to the Rond-Point des Champs Elysées.

The large hotels in the upper part of the Champs Elysées and the few large business establishments date from only a few years back. Before then there were only residences amid the trees, some of them veritable mansions. The Avenue Montaigne, on our left as we continue the ascent, used to be called the "Alley of the Widows." About the time of the Revolution Madame Tallien's country house was out here. Some of the streets in this neighborhood were renamed during the war after the rulers of Allied countries.

If we are minded to go a little way down the Avenue d'Autin, we shall come to Rue Jean Coujon, where there is the Chapel of the Charity Bazaar, erected in memory of that terrible tragedy when so many people lost their lives in the bazaar fire on this spot.

We are now at the Arc de Triomphe, designed in 1806 for Napoleon I and completed in 1838 under Louis Philippe. The cost was some 10,000,000 francs. The sculpture and inscriptions record the triumphs of the great Emperor. The finest of these groups is held by connoisseurs to be the one on the

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right-hand side as we face the monument—the “Departure of Troops” (1792), by Rude. A fine view is to be had from the top of the monument. In May, 1885, the body of Victor Hugo, the great poet, lay for twenty-four hours in state under the arch, the coffin being covered with a pall of black and silver and royal purple, after which, amid a nation’s mourning, it was conveyed to the Panthéon for burial. The victorious troops marched under the arch on July 14, 1919, and for that purpose the iron chains and posts were removed for the first time for many years.

The place here is known as the Place de l’Etoile, because it is the center of a star of avenues radiating to various parts of the city.

CHAPTER III

INTELLECTUAL PARIS—THE GRAND BOULEVARDS, THE OPERA

START again from the Madeleine, which is the beginning of the Grand Boulevards. These boulevards once marked the northern limit of the city, but the moats were filled up in Louis XIV's time. Though really a continuous thoroughfare, the Boulevard changes its name frequently.

The Boulevard des Capucins is so called from a convent of Capuchin monks that once existed here; the Boulevard des Italiens, after the Italian players who were the rage in Paris in the eighteenth century. On the Boulevard des Capucins (right) is the small Théâtre des Capucins, which is famous as the home of the typically Parisian light comedy (the late King Edward of England was a frequenter during his visits to Paris). Presently we come to the Grand Opera in the Place de l'Opéra—the most superb modern building in Paris, which cost thirty-seven million francs to build. Begun in 1861, it was finished in 1874 from the designs of Charles Garnier, the architect also of the Casino and Theater of Monte Carlo. There is a gilt bust of him on the left side. There are some fine groups of statuary around the building,

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representing Lyric poetry, Idyllic poetry, Music, Declamation, Song, Drama, and so on, but the finest of all is the Dance, by Carpeaux, the last group on the further side from us as we approach from the Madeleine. This group superbly breathes the spirit of the *joie de vivre*, as the ancient world understood it. The Opera building also contains a notable musical library.

If the outside of the Opera is superb, the inside, especially the grand staircase, is a masterpiece of elegant luxury. The steps are of white marble, and the handrail of Algerian onyx. The ceiling frescoes represent the gods of Olympus, while in the foyer there are fine paintings and mosaics. In the two years before the war the famous Carnival balls were revived at the Opera, after having lapsed for many years. The real spirit of the Carnival was, however, it must be confessed, either absent or very much distracted by other thoughts on those occasions; the rumblings of the coming storm were, I suppose, already audible in the distance. Perhaps the further revival which is now promised will bring back a little of the old spirit.

This magnificent building is more than a simple opera house, for it is the headquarters of the National Academy of Music and Dance, under the direct orders of the Undersecretary of Fine Arts, for, as the visitor need hardly be reminded, the French State encourages these arts and subsidizes

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them in a way that is unknown in Anglo-Saxon countries.

Standing with your back to the Opera, you look down the Avenue de l'Opéra, a handsome thoroughfare with fine shops, which was built for the Exhibition of 1878, and to repair the damage that had been caused by the Commune. At the other end of the street is the Théâtre Français, the leading classical theater in France, which is also called the "House of Molière," as it continues the traditions of the great dramatist. It was partly destroyed by fire in 1900, but was rebuilt on the old plan. It is governed by the decree of Moscow instituted by Napoleon I (1812). An evening at this theater listening to one of Molière's comedies or a piece by some other of the great classical authors is (always provided you are fond of the theater) a treat not easily forgotten.

The corner on the right of the Place de l'Opéra and the boulevard from which we have just issued is taken by the Café de la Paix, the most celebrated café even in Paris. Its rent, as may well be imagined, amounts to quite a fortune. No visit to Paris can be considered complete unless one has sat at a table on the "terrace" of this café for an hour before dinner or after and watched the crowd pass to and fro. It has been said that if one sits here long enough one will see everybody one knows pass; and I understand there are people who have proved the truth of the saying! Certainly, though I have never

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gone in for the pastime at all diligently, I have seen nearly everybody of note in Paris pass or sit here at one time or another (great manufacturers, fashionable people from all over the world, artists, writers, statesmen, and the people one talks about), as well, of course, as a great number of no note at all. Between the Café and the Avenue de l'Opéra is the entrance to Rue de la Paix, the ladies' paradise. Around us are numerous large banking establishments, and the Banque de France is close by on the left, in one of the streets running off the Avenue de l'Opéra. Indeed we are in the quarter of "high finance." The Rue du Quatre Septembre, running off on the left, is a thriving business thoroughfare.

Let us continue along the boulevards. Here is the Paris of cafés and theaters. For many Parisians, as I have said above, all the world that matters is contained in these few streets. Between these boulevards and Montmartre hundreds and thousands of Parisians have lived and had their being and died, and known little or nothing beyond (for until quite recent years Parisians were poor travelers).

On the left we come to the Vaudeville Theater, where many of the younger Dumas' and other celebrated plays were first produced, and hundreds of famous actors and actresses have appeared. On the opposite side of the road is the Café Napolitaine, once a famous resort of authors, dramatists and wits (a few of them still patronize it). The Pavillon de

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Hanovre, now a shop, was built for his own pleasure by the Marquis de Saxe. Bits of famous old-time Paris have disappeared within recent years in the improvements that have been made hereabouts. The large new building on the corner of the Rue Marivaux occupies the site of the Café Anglais, which until a few years ago was a resort of epicures from all over the world. King Edward always frequented the place when in Paris. Almost opposite on the other side of the road a post-office now occupies the site of the equally famous Maison Dorée, which was in its glory in the time of the Duke of Hamilton and his brother "bloods." A gruesome story goes that the Duke's body, after his death and according to his wish, was seated at a table at the Maison Dorée as a sort of farewell to the scenes of his earthly enjoyments! But the heyday of these and other resorts was before 1870; after that fatal year a gloom fell upon Paris and the Parisians, which is not yet entirely lifted.

Hereabouts, too, is newspaper land—that is to say, the head offices of numbers of the important French newspapers will be found on the boulevards, as well as the Paris offices of British and American papers whose names are household words in the countries from which we Anglo-Saxons come.

Look up the Rue Laffitte, on your left, at the charming vision of the Church of the Sacred Heart on top of Montmartre. It looks almost like a fairy structure in its dazzling white vesture, and this

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aëry vision is to be obtained from various parts of the city—a quaint but fitting symbol of the faith of this Voltairian city, for Paris is full of contradictions.

At the corner of the Rue Drouot is the office of the *Gaulois* newspaper, like a watch tower, just as if the director, Arthur Meyer (one of the remarkable men of the Paris that is passing) and his staff watch from their windows and relate what they see (which in a way is more or less the case). A little way down the Rue Drouot is the office of that other newspaper, the *Figaro*, where a tragedy occurred about a year before the war broke out which had tremendous repercussions. It was in that office that the editor, Gaston Calmette, was shot dead by the wife of a former Prime Minister of France, M. Cailaux; and her acquittal by a jury in July, 1914, led to the most remarkable scenes that have been witnessed in Paris for many years—all suddenly stopped in an instant by the one terrible word, "War!" In the Rue Drouot, also, are the public salesrooms for pictures, furniture, jewelry, etc.

On the other side of the Boulevard, between the Rues Marivaux and Favart, is the Opéra Comique, one of the State-endowed theaters. Those who know something of French art and literature will note with interest the names of the streets. Favart was the creator of modern opéra comique, and his wife was a celebrated actress. You would never guess why the front of the Opéra Comique is not on the

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Boulevard. Because the "Comedians of the King" in 1782, when the place was being built, insisted upon this being done, as they refused to be confounded with the ordinary comedians of the Boulevard. The Opéra Comique is a new building since the terrible fire of 1887.

Down the Rue Vivienne, on our right, we come in a few steps to the Bourse, or Stock Exchange. As regards architecture, it is an imitation of the Temple of Vespasian in the Forum at Rome. (Those who remember something of the private life of this Emperor may perhaps see some connection between him and Mammon!) There is little of interest about the Bourse except the strident activities of the brokers.

The Rue Richelieu, which begins here, terminates at the Théâtre Français. In the middle of it is the Bibliothèque Nationale, or National Library, installed in the former home of Cardinal Mazarin. The collection of books was begun by Louis XI, and numbers of the Monarchs added to it, especially the Louis XIV and Louis XV. It was also added to in Revolutionary times, when the monasteries were suppressed. The Library contains some 3,000,000 volumes, besides illuminated and other manuscripts and engravings. Molière died at No. 40, Rue de Richelieu. The fine monument to him is worth inspecting. In the same street (No. 50) lived the parents of La Pompadour (named Poisson).

A few steps further we reach the Boulevard

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Montmartre, where again there are numerous cafés and restaurants. At the corner of the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière is the office of the *Matin* newspaper, the first of the Paris journals to copy Anglo-American methods of journalism; indeed, it is an offshoot of an Anglo-American newspaper, *The Paris Morning News*, which existed some twenty-five to thirty years ago.

The Cardinal is another café where history has been made. The Théâtre des Variétés was the home of comic opera and has had a brilliant past. The music of Offenbach, produced here for a period of twenty years, caused a greater craze than did ever the Viennese opera of more recent years. When the theater was built about the first decade of last century it was considered to be a most inappropriate place, as it was almost in the country, for this and the next Boulevard (Bonne Nouvelle) were lined with shade trees, making them almost a park.

Marguery's, on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, was another home of epicures, and Marguery's method of cooking soles has been imitated all over the world. This restaurant is still a favorite of business people, but it is no longer so interesting as in the days when M. Marguery himself used to come around to every guest's table and ask if he were satisfied. Next door is the Gymnase Théâtre.

Forming the junction of this boulevard and that of St. Louis is the Porte (or Gate) of St. Denis, which was erected in 1671, in place of the ancient

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castellated gate, to commemorate Louis XIV's victories in Holland and the Lower Rhine. The bas-reliefs above the archway represent the passage of the Rhine. Beyond this gate the road to St. Denis was once a highway for pilgrims. Boulevard St. Denis is intersected a little further on by Boulevard de Sébastopol, which runs towards the Seine, and by Boulevard de Strasbourg, which goes to the Gare de l'Est (Eastern of France Railway station). On this latter boulevard is the Antoine Théâtre, where most of the modern plays of the Théâtre Libre type have been produced.

The Porte St. Martin is another triumphal arch, erected in 1674 by the city of Paris, in honor of Louis XIV. There are three theaters on the boulevard of this name (there used to be more)—the Renaissance, Porte St. Martin, and Ambigu, each of which usually keeps to its own genre more or less. The chief life and movement in this neighborhood are in the evenings. When the theaters are emptying, the streets fill with a gay, agitated throng; the cafés fill up, newspapers cry their wares, which nobody any more cares much about for that particular evening, and ragamuffins hail cabs, for which there is always a rather undignified scramble, ladies in evening dress being bundled into them with various little screams and exclamations, while the night air is filled with the mingled aroma of Rue de la Paix perfumes and cigarettes.

We can finish our present walk at the Place de la

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République. The statue of the Republic in the center was erected in 1883. The three seated figures are Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality; Dalou's bas-reliefs in bronze represent prominent events in the history of the Republic. There is an English music hall (the Alhambra) in the Rue de Malte, off this square.

From the Metropolitan (underground) station in the Place de la République one can get to most parts of the city, but an excellent way of returning to the center is by the Madeleine-Bastille omnibus, which goes along the boulevards through which we have just come. Unfortunately the old "impériale" or top seats, from which one could get such a good view of the busy life of the city, have been done away with with the advent of the motor-omnibus.

A word as to French cafés. The first café in Europe was established in Marseilles, on an Eastern model; and these institutions became quickly so popular on account of the absence of clubs. Even to-day there are very few clubs in Paris, partly because the male club, without female society, would never appeal to French tastes, and also because such clubs as exist are very expensive, clubs being always associated in the French mind with gambling, for which reason the Government puts a very heavy tax on them.

Therefore the Frenchman's, and especially the Parisian's, café is his club, and most keep to their favorite houses, for there are fashions in cafés. The

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usiest and most popular cafés are as a rule on the left of the boulevards going from the Opera; these are crowded day and night. Those on the other side of the thoroughfare are devoted to special coteries. The famous Café Tortoni, which in the early days of the nineteenth century was a resort of rank and fashion and pleasure, was on the Boulevard des Italiens. Famous for its ices, said to have been the finest of their kind ever tasted, it was the rendez-vous of all that was gay and—wicked! At breakfast time it was the gathering-place of duelists and retired officers and fire-eaters. Tortoni, the Italian founder, amassed a huge fortune, but ended his days by committing suicide in the heyday of his popularity.

CHAPTER IV

THE ORIGINS OF PARIS—THE CITY ISLAND, NOTRE DAME, THE SAINTE CHAPELLE

FOR this promenade we go back to the dim and distant origin of Paris, when long before the Roman invasion it was founded on the island city on the Seine. The city was begun on this Ile de la Cité more than two thousand years ago by a tribe of Gauls called Parisii. The city was called Lutetia by the Romans, who built a palace here. Under Julian the Apostate, who was fond of the place, the name was changed to Paris (or rather Parisea Civitas, from which the other name naturally grew). The Royal residence was fixed here by Hugh Capet. In the fourth century the city was still confined to the island and was protected by a fortified wall (the remains of which were laid bare in 1829). The Ile de la Cité is shaped like a boat, with its prow down stream; whence the heraldic device of Paris is a boat. Up to the seventeenth century Paris was divided in the popular mind into three parts: the town (or Right bank), the University (or Left bank) and the Cité.

The Pont Neuf, or New Bridge, which is really the oldest in the city, is thrown across the bows of

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the boat island. The bridge was begun in 1587, and finished in 1603, when that spectacular King Henri IV reigned. It was remodeled in 1852.

On the tongue of land between the two sections of the bridge is the statue of Henri IV himself, King of Franco and Navarre. Originally erected by his son Louis XIII, the first statue was destroyed at the Revolution. The present statue, placed here at the Restoration of the Monarchy by Louis XVIII, was cast from the bronze of the figure of Napoleon I removed from the Vendôme Column in 1814.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, those years of transition in the annals of Paris and France, the Pont Neuf was a gossiping place in vogue with gallant squires and courtly dames—as well, to be sure, of persons of lesser degree—and the favorite market place of ambulant adventurers, merchants, mountebanks and “camelots.” Like London Bridge in olden times, the Pont Neuf was half covered with shops of fancy goods dealers, such as you see at the fairs to-day.

The thoroughfare taken by Royal processions when the King went to open Parliament, the history of this bridge is the history of Paris. A seventeenth century saying went that no one could cross the bridge without meeting a monk, a white horse, and two charming women.

“The boat city, in the middle of the river,” says M. Gabriel Hanotaux, in his book, *La France en 1614*, “was attached to the right and left banks by

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double and triple moorings—the bridges, namely, Pont Saint-Michel and Petit Pont, on one side; on the other, Pont-aux-Marchands, Pont-au-Change, Pont Notre-Dame, all of which were over and over again destroyed, carried away by sudden rushes of water, and over and over again hastily rebuilt. With their roadways like an ass's back and covered as they were with buildings, they were usually very difficult of access."

A fine view is obtained from the Pont Neuf looking down stream—the mass of the Louvre, nearly half a mile long, on the North bank, and a little nearer to one the two towers of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the nearer square one being that from which the sinister bell rang out to announce the beginning of the butchery of St. Bartholomew on August 24, 1572. The iron foot-bridge nearest down stream is the Pont des Arts, leading from the Louvre to the Institut de France. There are two other bridges beyond—Pont du Carrousel and Pont Royal.

Now turn and look up stream. On the right is the Palais de Justice with its pointed towers, while the gilded vane and spire showing over the intervening buildings is the Sainte Chapelle. The stone bridge is the Pont au Change (Bridge of the Money-lenders), leading from the island to the Place du Châtelet. Above the roof of the nearer of the two theaters which this Place contains can be seen the summit of the Tour St. Jacques; beyond the other (the Sarah Bernhardt Théâtre) rises the cupola of

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the Hôtel de Ville, and beyond that the curved summit of the Church of St. Gervais.

Standing with your back to Henri IV's statue, you can see in front of you between two blocks of seventeenth century houses, the Place Dauphine. Enter this place and you can imagine yourself in early seventeenth century Paris. King Henri IV's garden once occupied this site. Walk through the Rue de Harlay, and the building opposite is the Western façade of the Palais de Justice. Turn left on to the Quai de l'Horloge (Clock Tower quay). On your left is the Pont Neuf. Turn to the right and walk on the parapet side of the quay. The building on the right with the pointed towers is the famous Conciergerie, part of the Hall of Justice—so called because in the fourteenth century it was the residence of the Concierge, a high functionary of the King's Parliament. In later times it became a prison.

In the Conciergerie the chief victims of the Terror passed their last days before being removed for execution. Among them were Queen Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland (whose husband killed himself on hearing of her execution), Danton, the Revolutionary leader accused by his colleagues of a leaning towards moderation; Madame du Barry, Madame Récamier, Robespierre, the extremist (Carlyle's "Sea-green Incorruptible"), Malesherbes, the counsel who defended the King at his trial, and some three thousand others.

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On your left again is the Pont au Change, and looking across it one has a good view of the Tour St. Jacques. The earliest bridge on this site was erected in the twelfth century, but the present structure is of 1858.

Leave this bridge and turn down the Boulevard du Palais past the Clock Tower (or Tour de l'Horloge), which was built in 1370 (some authorities say 1298). Far from looking its age, the Clock Tower has been kept in repair with a consummate art that has not changed its style or character. It is probably the oldest clock in France. At the opposite corner of the street is the Tribunal of Commerce. A few yards further on and we come to the great iron gates of the Palais de Justice, opening on to the Cour de Mai, so-called from the Maypole which was planted here annually in olden times by the law students. The buffet-restaurant (for the use of those engaged in the law courts) occupies the site of what in the days of the Terror was the entrance to and exit from the Conciergerie prison; in the Cour de Mai were stationed the tumbrils that received the loads of men and women for deportation to the place of execution.

The steps lead up to the Galerie Marchande, and from thence to the Salle des Pas-Perdus and to the various courts. Many a famous case has been tried in these courts in past times and recent, for it has been a court of justice since the beginning of civilization.

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Where the Palais de Justice stands to-day was once the residence of the Roman governors of Lutetia. King Robert the Pious built a great palace here in the eleventh century, and it continued to be the residence of the French Monarchs down to the time of Charles VII (1422). But this King transferred his court to the Palais des Tournelles, which his father, Charles VI, had constructed near to the Bastille (built by Charles V). From time to time the Palace has been added to; it has suffered several conflagrations, and the style of architecture has been modified by successive designers. But much of it remains as it was originally, and especially is this the case with regard to that wonderful example of Gothic architecture (one of the finest in existence), Louis XI's chapel, known as the Sainte Chapelle. It was erected in 1245 (about forty years after the English lost Normandy and thirty after King John had signed the Great Charter) as a domestic chapel for his palace, being specially designed to receive the Crown of Thorns purchased by Louis from Baldwin, Emperor of the East at Constantinople. (The relic is now preserved in the sacristy of Notre Dame.)

Even to-day this jewel breathes the ecstasie piety of the mystical Crusader King, who was revered almost equally by Christians and Mussulmans. The Sainte Chapelle is quaint in that it consists of two parts, an upper part for the Royal family and the Court and a lower one for the domestics (remember that in Louis' time the chapel was approached from

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the corridors of the Palace, which are now only exceptionally opened to visitors). There is endless detail here to keep the visitor entranced. Note the decorations which repeat the Crown of Thorns and the Cross, with other religious emblems, mingling with the Royal lilies and the castles of Castille, in honor of Blanche of Castille, Louis' mother. The tabernacle, now empty, once contained the sacred relics as well as the skull of St. Louis. At one time all maladies were supposed to be cured through the virtues of the holy relics, and on Good Fridays especially epileptics and others resorted to the Chapel and filled it. Extraordinary scenes are recorded by some of the contemporary historians, and finally so scandalous had the whole thing become that Louis XVI stopped the exhibitions of the relics. The treasury of this little church, consisting of images, vessels, reliquaries, crosses, etc., was extraordinarily rich.

"The first thing that strikes the visitor," says Mrs. Beale, that very notable guide to the churches of Paris, "upon entering is the enormous size of the windows, which occupy the entire space between the buttresses and rise to the base of the roof. All the weight of the vaulting rests, therefore, upon the exterior buttresses, but not the slightest inflection has ever taken place. The church is built truly east and west, the entrance to each chapel being by separate portals. The only modification the exterior of the building has sustained since St. Louis' time is the

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addition of a little oratory attributed to Louis XI, and the rebuilding of a part of the façade in the fifteenth century."

The only communication between the lower and upper chapels at the present time is by means of the small turret staircase, but formerly the upper church was approached by a wide exterior flight of forty-four steps. This flight, rebuilt a number of times, was finally demolished in the last century.

"The upper chapel," says Mrs. Beale again, "is one of those buildings which one never tires of admiring. When we wend our way up the turret stairs, and enter it from the semidarkness of the crypt, it strikes us as the most exquisite scheme of color imaginable. Add to the beauty of the chapel all the associations which crowd upon the memory (it is hardly worth inspecting any old building unless one does this, indeed)—St. Louis' beautiful faith and noble life, his enthusiasm for God's work and man's welfare; all the ceremonies and the processions which have taken place there, with the lights, the flowers and the incense, and our imagination forms a picture which no hand could adequately paint. The chapel is composed of four bays for the nave, and seven smaller for the apse. The vault is groined and is supported by clustered columns and capitals ornamented with foliage. The windows occupy the entire space between the supporting pillars and are filled with the most beautiful stained glass [and the author I am quoting reminds us that

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there is an old French proverb which speaks of "wine of the color of the windows of Sainte Chapelle"], while below is an arcade rising from a stone seat. The capitals of the columns are most exquisitely carved in imitation of the flora of France, and the quatrefoils between the arches are filled with a kind of decoration which is as rare as it is effective. Between the arches of the arcades are Angels with outstretched arms, who seem to be crowning the martyrs in the quatrefoils. At the third bay of the nave on each side are recesses which formed reserved places for some privileged persons during mass, and it is thought that they were probably occupied by the King and Queen, the former on the Gospel, the latter on the Epistle side. On the south wall is a slanting recess, which must formerly have served as a chapel, as there was an altar at the end of it having a painted reredos representing the interior of the great *chasse*, with all its contents ranged in proper order and St. Louis praying before it. It is supposed that Louis XI may have used this niche as a place where he could pray without being seen, but in sight of the altar and the relics"—when he went in fear of assassination, say others.

Passing out through the courtyard and into the street again, one finds opposite one the central station of the Paris fire brigade and Paris Guard. At each gate is a sentinel—one in the garb of the military police and the other (helmeted) in the uniform of the firemen (or "pompiers").

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Turning to the right past the Pont St. Michel, take the Quai du Marché Neuf until you arrive at the great open space Parvis du Notre Dame, in front of the great Cathedral.

Notre Dame was completed ten years before the Sainte Chapelle was begun. One is struck at once by the contrast between the two styles—the one light, fragile-looking (at least from within), the other massive, stern and somber. This epic in stone was begun in 1163 (the first stone being laid by Pope Alexander III in person) and consecrated twenty years later. Ages before that, however, a Roman temple dedicated to Jupiter had stood on the spot. After Christianity had become established in France churches became numerous on this small island, and two were abolished to make way for Notre Dame. One of these was dedicated to St. Stephen the Protomartyr, and many souvenirs of the Saint will be found in the Cathedral.

One of the earliest Gothic churches in France, it is of its kind one of the most perfect, and it is interesting to note that years ago the pile looked much more imposing even than it does to-day because it was reached by a broad flight of steps; in recent years the land around it has been raised.

Here is a summary list of the chief things to be seen in Notre Dame:

The rose window (western façade) dedicated to the glory of the Virgin, who sits with Crown and scepter bearing the Child on her left arm;

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The high reliefs in stone, gilt and painting (on the wall between choir and ambulatory), executed early in the fourteenth century, and representing scenes in the life of Christ. The series was continued a little later, and these are better modeled, but not so quaint (on south side of choir);

The medieval wonder-working statue of Our Lady (near the pillar entrance to choir and ambulatory, south transept);

The view outside of the three great iron portals of the west front, dedicated respectively to Our Lady (northern), the Redeemer (also called *Porte de Jugement*), center, and that of St. Anne, the Mother of the Virgin (southern), which was taken from the earlier church on the same site.

Notre Dame has suffered greatly at one time or another from the hands of turbulent mobs. During the Revolution the Cathedral was turned into a Temple of Reason, and the statue of the Virgin was replaced by one of Liberty, while statues of Voltaire and Rousseau replaced the Saints. (Read Carlyle's picturesque pages on these incidents.) The orgies that took place in the sacred building at that time led to its being closed, and it was reopened in 1802 as a place of worship by Napoleon, who was afterwards crowned there with Josephine. It was the most magnificent ceremonial in the history of the place. Notre Dame was restored in 1845.

The interior of Notre Dame is imposing, though a little heavy and somber in character. Though the

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nave and choir were sixty years in construction, there is scarcely any difference in style except in details. Most of the capitals are adorned with examples of the flora of Parisian fields. At the west end is a gallery now occupied by the great organ; it was formerly the stage on which miracle plays were performed. The choir, filled with stained glass, is the most beautiful part of the church. Some parts of it, the bays which separate the side aisles from the crossings, are of the fourteenth century, and of this period are the beautiful little angels blowing trumpets which surmount the archivolt.

Formerly the pavement was a mass of tombstones, bearing portrait in brass or marble, but Louis XIV's architects did away with these and substituted a marble pavement. The few statues now in the church are modern.

The treasury contains holy relics, including the famous Crown of Thorns, given to St. Louis by the King of Constantinople and carried to Notre Dame in 1239 by the King, as well as a piece of the Cross, a nail used in the crucifixion, and other ecclesiastical objects.

The ascent to the summit of Notre Dame is an arduous undertaking, but from it one obtains the finest view of Paris. It is a spectacle not easily forgotten and never to be seen elsewhere, showing as it does all the history, the life and the mystery of Paris. The wonderful carved gargoyles, demons and strange animals, too, so beloved of the Parisians, are

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best seen by approaching them through the tower.

No sacred building ever had so superb an historian as Victor Hugo, in his great romance in which he tells the history and gives the romantic atmosphere of Notre Dame. During the war a fire was started by an incendiary bomb dropped by a German aëroplane, but happily little damage was done.

On the north side of the Parvis Notre Dame is the Hôtel Dieu (God's House), one of the chief hospitals of Paris. The original Hôtel Dieu stood in the garden where is now the statue of Charlemagne; at that time the hospital and its annex—the old building on the opposite side of the river—were connected by a high narrow bridge over the river. Facing the Cathedral on the western side of the Place is the Prefecture of Police. Opposite the south side of the church, at the end of the island, is the gruesome building known as the Morgue, or mortuary, which used to be considered one of the sights of Paris, but is now closed to sightseers.

From anywhere in its neighborhood an interesting view of Notre Dame can be obtained, but the best is from the Quai de l'Archevêché, from which the buttresses and the intricate masonry may be studied.

This part of old Paris is crammed with places of interest, and those who have time to spare and can peer into old courtyards and examine the old houses will be amply rewarded by many a fascinating peep into the city's bygone days. The "Petit Pont"

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("small bridge"), joining the island to the south shore, occupies the site of a bridge built by the Romans in continuation of their great road from the South. There are still hundreds of houses dating from centuries past with massive gateways and doors, built for defense in the troublous times of yore, and through some of the gateways one can obtain glimpses of these strange old-fashioned courtyards. One of the houses on the Quai aux Fleurs is supposed to occupy the site of an earlier one once tenanted by the famous lovers Abelard and Héloïse. The Tour Dagobert was in the Rue Chanoinesse, but was pulled down in 1909.

There were formerly between Notre Dame and the Hôtel Dieu and the Palais de Justice a whole honeycomb of narrow, tortuous and malodorous streets with strange names, where side by side with all descriptions of vice, there worked modest craftsmen, especially dyers who sent tinted streams—blue, red and green—down to the river; while small chapels leaned up against the master structure, dedicated to Sainte Marine, St. Pierre aux Bœufs, and other out-of-the-way members of the Saints' Calendar. Nearly all have been swept away. St. Bernard is said to have preached in a chapel (that of St. Aignan) in the Rue des Ursins, the remains of which were discovered in recent years.

Crossing the Pont St. Louis from the Quai aux Fleurs, one is on the Ile St. Louis, a sort of prolongation of the larger island, a kind of decayed and

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rather dismal suburb ("a provincial town in the midst of Paris," as one writer calls it). The Ile St. Louis only began to be built on in the seventeenth century (Louis XIII) and most of the houses of old seigneurial families date from that and the succeeding century. Many distinguished people—poets, artists, and leaders of fashion—have lived here. The Hôtel Lauzun (1675, with a curious court; Théophile Gautier and Baudelaire both lived here) on the Quai d'Anjou, and the fine Hôtel Lambert, in the Rue St. Louis, once a rendezvous of wits and intellect, and for a time the home of Voltaire, are eminently worth visiting. The Polish Library, founded in 1830, is interesting.

The island has a quaint old-world air which seems far removed from busy twentieth century Paris. Pont Sully, a fine double bridge, like Pont Neuf, crosses both arms of the Seine. A fine statue of the sculptor Barye is here.

Looking up the river one sees on the right the wine port and wine market (Halle aux Vins). The Church of St. Louis is not of any particular interest, and the Pont Marie is not named after any Queen, but after the man who built it for Louis XIII. It is interesting as being the oldest but one in Paris.

There are, by the way, thirty-one bridges over the Seine in Paris, a fact that excited the mirth of Richard Jefferies, a fascinating writer on his own subjects, the English countryside, though he did not understand Paris. There is nothing that shows the

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human and social side of a city like bridges. They are the gangways of communal life and those of Paris are particularly interesting, as landmarks in the history of her people. Without them the Seine would be but a busy muddy waterway with but little character of its own, except when it becomes turbulent and overflows its banks, as happens every now and then. Every one of the Seine bridges has its particular style and marks its epoch. In olden times people had a superstitious reverence for bridges, and peasants would doff their hats as they crossed them. This was in reference to a sort of feeling or belief that bridge-makers had in a way circumvented the decrees of Nature by establishing a crossing to what had never been intended to be crossed.

Having made the tour of the small island of St. Louis, we may cross the Pont Louis Philippe to the Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, whence by taking the underground railway one can get back to one's starting place; there are stations in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville or, a few minutes further on, at the Place du Châtelet (follow the quay with the river to the left).

CHAPTER V

ROYAL PARIS—THE TUILERIES, RUE DE LA PAIG, THE LOUVRE

LET us start again from the Place de la Concorde, but instead of going up the Champs Elysées, as we did on a former excursion, take the opposite direction and enter the Garden of the Tuileries, which extend to the Palace of the Louvre. The principal entrance to the Tuileries Palace was in a line with the Obelisk and the Arc de Triomphe. It was burned down during the Commune in 1871, all that remains being the two wings that connected it with the Louvre. The name Tuileries was derived from "tuile," a tile, because the site was once occupied by tile-makers' yards. The Palace was begun by Catherine de Medici (1564) and was the scene of extraordinary scenes during the Revolution, Louis XVI being brought hither by the mob from Versailles and installed here with mock honors, while he was again attacked there and escaped a few days before his arrest and detention in the Temple prison. The Palace was surrendered to the mob and sacked. Later it was the residence of Napoleon and Josephine, and in 1848, under Louis Philippe, it was once more sacked by the mob. The flight of the

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Empress Eugénie marked practically the end of it.

The basin of water near the entrance, with a fountain, is a small sea for miniature armadas. Hereabouts are many evidences of the Parisians' love and care for their children. The Tuileries is a fine playground, and I have already mentioned the portion set apart for the youngsters in the Champs Elysées. At various times of the day one notices a strange haunting aroma of "cookies" in the air. It is that of the little cakes known as "gauffres," which are being made in the kiosks. Very much like sugary sand to the taste, they are greatly beloved of the youngsters—as well as by many of their elders—and seem to add enormous zest to games.

In the Tuileries gardens nowadays are held exhibitions from time to time, like the "Fair of Paris," in temporary wooden buildings.

Architecturally the gardens are still much as they were left by Lenôtre. Near the entrance are recumbent statue groups (naturally they are lying in their beds!) of river gods, with tributary children. On the terrace overlooking the Place de la Concorde is the Jeu de Paume, the once royal game, from which the name is derived, being still sometimes played here. Picture exhibitions are held in the low rambling building, and the terrace of orange trees in tubs is interesting because some of the trees are said to date from the time of Francis I.

The gardens contain many interesting and some beautiful statues of classical subjects (though some

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of these are rather dilapidated) and modern celebrities, as well as fine animal groups by Cain and others. Note the statue of Waldeck-Rousseau, a one-time Premier. The most interesting of the statues, though, is that of the great statesman Léon Gambetta, organizer of the National Defense in 1871; the figure on the pedestal of the Alsatian woman seizing the gun of a dying soldier is typical of the Franco-Prussian War. In another part of the garden is a magnificent figure of a boar. One day a shell fell just behind this animal, barely escaping it and burying itself with a great noise in the ground behind; and the curious who crowded round to see what had occurred could not help noting the look of contempt on the face of the boar!

The Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, in a straight line with the larger distant Arc de Triomphe, was formerly the principal entrance to the Tuileries. It commemorated Napoleon's victories of 1805-09, and an examination of its details shows it to be a very beautiful monument. The name "Carrousel" given to this place originated from a kind of ball on horseback which was given by Louis XIV.

On the north side of the Tuileries is the Rue de Rivoli, a handsome thoroughfare, though it is less favored by Parisians themselves than the boulevards, and is somehow recognized as the foreigners' street, being largely given over to shops that specially appeal to the tourist—postcards and photographs and the inexpensive nicknacks known as

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“articles de Paris” (which, by the way, were for some years before the war mostly made by Germans). Begun in 1802, the Rue de Rivoli was not completed until sixty years later; the arcades here and in two or three neighboring streets were the choice of Napoleon, perhaps in memory of his native Corsica—where, however, the sun can be more ardent than it usually is in Paris.

Before going to the Louvre, turn up the Rue Castiglione (at the corner of the Hôtel Continental). A short distance up this thoroughfare, after crossing the Rue St. Honoré, is the Place and Column Vendôme. They are so called from Cæsar de Vendôme, son of Henri IV and Gabrielle d’Estrée, who had a house here. The Place has had several names in the course of the centuries (you will notice that the Parisians have a habit of changing the names of their thoroughfares according to their political humors; they have not got over it yet). The Column Vendôme, erected by Napoleon to commemorate his victories in 1805, is an imitation of Trajan’s column in Rome (it is one hundred and forty-two feet high). The bronze surface of the column is cast from captured cannon and represents scenes of Napoleon’s campaigns. Many of the figures are portraits. The statue of the Emperor on top is the third that has stood there. Napoleon III pulled down the one put up by Louis Philippe and substituted the present one. During the Commune the mob pulled down

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the column, but it was replaced in 1874. An inner staircase leads to the top.

The solid handsome houses in the Place Vendôme, besides one of the Ministries, which has a charming old world garden behind it, and the Hotel Ritz, are devoted very largely to picture dealers and antiquarians' establishments. The Hotel Bristol, once a stopping place for Royalty, exists no more.

We are now in the Rue de la Paix—the street of the dressmakers and fashionable jewelers. It is crammed nearly every afternoon with the carriages or motor cars of the wealthy, whose ladies are consulting their “couturiers.” Even Paris is changing, however, and some of the fashionable dressmakers have in recent years pitched their tents further afield, even as far as the Champs Elysées, so that the Rue de la Paix no longer has a monopoly in this particular variety of vanity.

The “grand couturier” of Paris is an artist—“an artist in matching colors, in combining to obtain effects, as one may see sometimes when he is engaged in the interesting task of molding stuffs on the human form. The grand couturier, when planning new schemes, will contemplate the effect produced by combinations of silk and satin swathed round a mannequin; and this method of molding the material round the body is a practice pursued by some dressmakers with their clients. Everything is held together by pins until the desired effect is obtained; and the process of *essayage* is a long and

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tedious one—one of those trials which no man would go through, but which a woman supports with martyr-like patience in the interest of fashion” (“The Spirit of Paris”).

The Rue de la Paix is “certainly one of the most fascinating streets in the world, and the lounge who dawdled a day in it would witness a pretty fair epitome of a large side of Paris life. . . . The street has an air of aristocratic elegance; it has been tended by dainty feminine fingers, for the balconies of the famous dressmakers are resplendent with flowers all the year round. They are the guardians of the fragile and costly articles for feminine adornment which are stored behind those windows. . . . The windows contain furs of costly workmanship, laces, embroideries, jewels and hats having the latest note of Parisian elegance. There is never any crowding or vulgar display. The simplicity with which very often only one or two objects are shown cunningly serves to indicate how precious and luxurious they are.”

You will probably meet with some of the nimble-fingered and cheery-natured workgirls, known as the “Madinettes,” or “Mimi-Pinsons.” Alfred de Musset wrote the story of the Paris workgirl of his time, and her name was Mimi Pinson. She was gay, thoughtless and careless of the morrow, and would have ice creams one day, though there might be no prospect of bread the next, and she was the friend of the equally happy-go-lucky student. But her heart

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was of gold and everybody liked her. The Mimi Pinsons are in some respects different to-day; they have a trade union, and if things don't satisfy them they go on strike. Their strike for better conditions some two or three years ago resulted in legislation giving them a half holiday a week—and richly they deserved it. It was so difficult for them to go to theaters and enjoy any of the higher pleasures of life, which those who wear the clothes they make can enjoy, that Gustave Charpentier, the great musician, who wrote the opera of the workgirl, created an Academy of Music and Dance, especially for them, known as “l'Académie de Mimi Pinson,” where they have shown their skill in the arts. During the war many of them nobly served their suffering fellow countrymen as hospital nurses and in other ways.

A peculiarity of post-war Paris dear to the feminine heart is the tea-shops which have cropped up all over the city. Establishments for afternoon tea, mostly with English or American names, existed before the war, but they have increased a hundred-fold of recent years, and to be fashionable one must appear at one or the other of these three or four times a week, drink tea and eat cakes, and become familiar with the latest gossip and scandal over an aromatic cigarette (preferably of the American variety). At some of these “*thés*” there is dancing, and at all one can see the latest styles of dress and the acme of elegance and fashion.

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Now let us return to the Rue St. Honoré, and follow it on the left until we come to the Church of St. Roch, the plague saint, erected in the latter part of the seventeenth century. There are paintings and sculpture here worthy of notice, but the church is interesting mostly because Napoleon won his first distinction here (Louis XIV and Napoleon haunt us in Paris, you see). The steps were occupied by the insurgents who had risen against the National Assembly then sitting at the Tuileries. He dispersed the mob and cleared the steps, and the columns still bear marks of the bullets.

Now, continuing either along the Rue St. Honoré (where at No. 92 Molière was born), or the Rue de Rivoli, we shall come in a few minutes to the Place du Théâtre Français, at the end of the Avenue de l'Opéra (the Opera being at the other end). The statue in front is of Alfred de Musset, with his Muse.

Let us turn down the Rue des Pyramides and look at the bronze equestrian statue of Joan of Arc by Frémiet. The cult of the Maid of Orleans, which had already become considerable during the last two or three years before the war, has increased greatly of late years. This statue and the one of the Maid in front of the St. Augustine Church nearly always bear flowers and wreaths. Joan of Arc and St. Geneviève, the patron Saint, are believed by many to have exercised a special protection over Paris during the war.

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Between the theater and the Louvre is the Palais Royal, which is a State building not opened to the public. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu and was then called the Palais du Cardinal; later it was occupied by Anne of Austria and other royal personages. St. Simon describes the orgies that took place here in the days of the Regent. The visitor can go into the gardens behind the Palace through quiet passages. They are surrounded by arcades containing shops, mostly rather dismal book shops, cafés, and an old-world atmosphere. It was in these gardens that Camille Desmoulins on July 12, 1789, summoned the populace to arms and started the Revolution (see Carlyle again for these incidents), and a statue of the leader records the fact.

Return to Rue de Rivoli; at No. 107 is the Museum of Decorative Art (Pavillon de Marsan), the South Kensington Museum of Paris. It contains beautiful tapestries, Sèvres vases, sculpture, paintings, souvenirs, Oriental collections, etc., and temporary exhibitions are often arranged here.

We are now at the Louvre, the noblest monument of the French Renaissance and the most magnificent museum and art gallery in Europe, containing as it does an unrivaled collection of paintings and sculpture (a use to which it was turned after the Revolution). The site of a hunting lodge, dating from the thirteenth century, the foundations of the present building were laid in 1541 by Francis I. The south wing was continued under Catherine de Medici

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and other monarchs. Louis XIV finished the eastern half. The portion facing the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois is called the old Louvre; the new Louvre consists chiefly of the galleries that connected it with the Tuileries (completed under Napoleon III). The portion of the new Louvre facing the Palais Royal is occupied by the Ministry of Finance.

All authorities agree that the Louvre gallery as regards its art exhibits contains three sublime treasures, in the possession of which alone it would transcend all other museums of art. They are the "Gioconda," or "Mona Lisa," of Leonardo da Vinci; the "Venus of Milo," and the "Winged Victory" of Samothrace. The "Gioconda" was bought from the artist, who died at Amboise and is buried there, by Francis I, and, the most valuable picture in the Cabinet of this Monarch, was first hung there in 1545, so that it may be said to form the nucleus of the Louvre collection. Mona Lisa was the wife of the artist's friend, Francesco del Giocondo, and Leonardo is said to have worked at it for four years without finishing it to his satisfaction. Yet it is a supreme masterpiece of his and all other art of the kind. Many great writers have bestowed infinite praise on it (Vasari in Italy, Walter Pater in our own time). It is, Vasari said, "more divine than human, living like nature; . . . it is not painting, but the despair of painters." Michelet wrote, "This painting draws

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me, absorbs me, thrills me; I go to it in spite of myself, as the bird does to the serpent."

—The extraordinary theft of the "Gioconda" some years ago, and the picture's equally mysterious return, will be well remembered.

The "Venus" and the "Victory" were added to the collection last century. The "Venus" was found in 1820 in the island of Melos, in the Greek archipelago, and is by an unknown sculptor. Representing, as is supposed, the Greek goddess of Love, this noble work is all the more remarkable, as it is not mentioned in any ancient history of art and seems to have been only one among many greater and lesser works of Greek plastic art. "In type it belongs," says Grant Allen, "to a school which forms a transition between the perfect early grace and purity of Phidias, with his pupils, and the later, more self-conscious and deliberate style of Praxiteles and his contemporaries." The third glory of the Louvre—the "Niké," or "Victory," of Samothrace, known all over the world by reproductions, is a much-mutilated figure of Victory, standing like a figure-head on the prow of a trireme—a splendid example of Greek art (dating from 305 B.C.) and a magnificent symbol of triumphant bearing.

The Louvre contains, perhaps, the most complete collection in existence of Italian, Flemish, Spanish and modern French art, Greek, Roman, Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, sculpture, and ancient and medieval jewelry. On the ground floor are the sculp-

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tures and engravings; on the first floor pictures, drawings and varied *objets d'art*, including furniture; while the Marine, Chinese and other museums are on the second floor. The Galleries are being continually added to and changed, so that it is sometimes difficult to find the particular objects one wishes to inspect. In recent years great numbers of additions have been made, either bequests or gifts from private collectors, or transfers from Ministries and other public buildings, while the society of the "Amis du Louvre" do a good deal in the way of acquiring privately, or by influencing public grants, to enrich the collection.

It is impossible in these few pages to give any account of the treasures of the Louvre, but even those in a hurry should not omit visiting, among other rooms, the *Salle du Mobilier*, with its magnificent Gobelin tapestry, carpets and furniture; the furniture, tapestries (Gobelins and Beauvais), busts and other *objets d'art* in the Louis XIV and Louis XV rooms; the ancient sculpture in the wing known as the *Parillon Mollien* (each room is known as a rule by the name of the chief object exhibited in it), nor the modern French sculpture (though this is less interesting) in the rooms devoted to these exhibits. A succession of rooms on the first floor devoted to various schools leads to the *Salle Carré* (or square room), which is filled with supreme masterpieces by Murillo, Titian, Rembrandt, Guido, Correggio, Raphael, Veronese, Van Dyck, Holbein and the "Mona Lisa."

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The *Grande Galerie*, again, runs the entire length of the side overlooking the Seine and constitutes in itself a long succession of great paintings from various schools—a history of art indeed. The collections of Rubens and Van Dycks are astonishing, and though the Louvre is not very rich in British paintings, those that are here are very choice. One needs days and weeks to inspect with anything like thoroughness the treasures of the Louvre, and then, one ought to return and study the ceilings,—which is tiring, but well worth while.

The Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois was at one time the Louvre Chapel. Founded in the sixth century, the present building dates from the twelfth, but it was added to later. There are several chapels with fine monuments and some frescoes on the walls worth inspecting. I have already referred to the sinister connection of the church with the St. Bartholomew massacre.

CHAPTER VI

PARIS OF THE EXHIBITIONS AND LITERARY PARIS —THE TROCADERO PALACE, NAPOLEON'S TOMB, THE EIFFEL TOWER, THE ACADEMIES

START from the Palais du Trocadéro, which is easily reached by the Métropolitain (underground) railway, or by tramway from the Madeleine (No. 16). This tramway ride affords a good view of the Boulevard Haussmann, Avenue Friedland, the Etoile quarter and the Avenue Kléber. The Trocadéro Palace (democratic Paris likes to give this name of Palace, once reserved for Kings, to their great buildings, and they have indeed many "people's palaces") was built in Oriental style for the 1878 exhibition. Standing on elevated ground overlooking the Seine, it is crescent-shaped, with its two tips pointing towards the Seine. The main building is flanked by two minarets and two curved wings. A fine view can be obtained even from the terrace overlooking the ornamental garden with its cascade and basin, and the Seine. The Trocadéro itself is now a Museum of Ethnography (with a fine collection of French peasants' costumes), while it contains a concert hall capable of holding six thousand people.

Behind the Palace is the Place du Trocadéro, from

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which several fine avenues start—Avenue Henri Martin, a handsome residential thoroughfare leading to the Bois de Boulogne; Avenue Kléber, at the top of which the Arc de Triomphe can be perceived; Avenue Malakoff, leading to the Place Victor Hugo, with a fine statue of the poet, etc. In the Passy cemetery, on an elevated position to the left, there is one tombstone at least worthy of a visit—that of the remarkable girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, the young Russian painter. Few people nowadays probably remember the sensation caused by the publication of her extraordinary “Journal” shortly before the last century died, and soon after her own premature death. A few steps further to the left will bring one to the statue of Benjamin Franklin, who lived in the suburb of Passy, which begins here.

If we pass down the Avenue du Trocadéro (recently renamed the Avenue du Président Wilson), we shortly come, at the corner of the Rue Boissière, to the Guimet Museum—a collection of antiquities, pottery, and objects of the religions of India and Eastern Asia, China and Japan. At a short distance from it, on the right (entrance a few steps down Rue Pierre Charron, rebaptized Rue Pierre de Sertre) is another museum—the Galliéra, a fine building in Renaissance style, which was presented to the city of Paris by the Marquise de Galliéra. It is chiefly devoted to exhibitions of industrial and decorative art, and possesses in addition fine tapestries, sculptures and pictures, which are being gradu-

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ally added to. A collection of drawings and studies by Puvis de Chavannes has been presented by the artist's family.

In the Place d'Iéna, between the two museums, is a famous statue of Washington. You will have seen the statue of Lafayette in an enclosed space in the Tuileries gardens, near the Louvre.

From the Avenue du Trocadéro, if we retrace our steps a short way, we can cross the river by the Pont d'Iéna, which takes us to the Champs de Mars, from which point there is a fine view of the Palace we have just quitted.

The Champs de Mars is again historic ground. Louis XVI swore fidelity to the new Constitution here before the *Autel de la Patrie* (Altar of the Motherland) at the great Federation fête on July 14, 1790, and the ceremony was witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people seated on a raised embankment made for the purpose. Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, with four hundred clergy, presided over the religious ceremony. Napoleon celebrated a similar fête here a fortnight before Waterloo, and other festivities were held by Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. The Champs de Mars was a portion of the site of the various Universal Exhibitions.

There is a French proverb that says it is only the provisional, or temporary, that lasts, and one is rather reminded of this when one notes the numbers of buildings that have remained in Paris as inheritances from the various exhibitions. They fill up to

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some extent the gaps caused by the destruction of revolutions. Most people are puzzled when they first come to Paris to decide to their own satisfaction whether or not they like the Eiffel Tower, which was built by M. Gustave Eiffel for the Exhibition of 1889, 980 feet high, its base contained between the four supports covers an area of nearly four acres. The Tower is entirely constructed of iron. It is now the property of the city of Paris, the proprietary rights of the constructing company having lapsed. During the war it was used for defensive purposes, and its wireless installation is one of the finest in the world. In peace times visitors can go to the first, second or third platforms (from which, of course, very extended views can be obtained) either by the lifts or the steps. Most people prefer the former, as there are 1792 of the latter!

The Ecole Militaire, at the rear of the Champs de Mars, which covers twenty-six acres, is now the Superior War School. It was founded in 1751 by Louis XV for the military education of gentlemen's sons.

Turning down the Avenue de Tourville, we come in a few minutes to the Hôtel des Invalides (we saw the other side of it and the Esplanade des Invalides from the Alexandre III bridge). The Hôtel des Invalides is the Chelsea Hospital of Paris. Founded by Louis XIV in 1670, it was intended to lodge seven thousand infirm war veterans, but for many years there was never anything like that number in

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the place. Matters have changed since the war, and during the war the Invalides, as the headquarters of the Military Governor of the capital, was a very busy place, with a whole network of offices and departments in the neighborhood.

The Church of the Invalides is divided into two parts—the Church of St. Louis and the Chapel under the Dome. In the latter is Napoleon's tomb, constructed by Visconti immediately under the cupola. It is an open circular crypt, thirty-six feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, with a granite sarcophagus hewn out of a single block, weighing about sixty-eight tons, which was brought from Finland for the purpose at a cost of 140,000 francs. The great Emperor's remains were brought to France in 1840 by the Prince de Joinville, in obedience to his own wish expressed in his last will (*"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé,"* is the inscription at the entrance to the crypt). Numerous writers of note (among them Victor Hugo, somewhat scornfully, for what he considered the shabby manner in which the Government had arranged the affair; and Thackeray, rather flippantly) have described the home-coming and how the remains were carried in state through Paris and deposited in one of the chapels for twenty years until the tomb was constructed.

The tombs of Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte are in the chapel, as well as monuments of other great

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generals. On either side of the entrance is a sarcophagus, one to Duroc and the other to Bertrand, the Emperor's two faithful friends. Duroc was killed in 1813 at the Battle of Bautzen, while Bertrand shared the Emperor's exile and followed his remains when they were brought back to France. Note the symbolical statuary, wreaths, etc., and the trophies of flags captured by Napoleon.

The Church of St. Louis, at the back of the tomb, is entered from the Cour d'Honneur. This Cour is surrounded by arcades, the walls of which are decorated with paintings illustrating the history of France.

The Artillery Museum has a large collection of weapons of all kinds, which has been added to during the present war. The Army Museum contains interesting relics, mostly Napoleonic, and a collection of old armor. There is also an ethnological collection. Altogether the Invalides, which covers some thirty acres, is a vast monument to the military glory of France, Napoleon being the center and summit of all, and the visitor must remember that far from forgetting the great Corsican, the study of Napoleon and the Napoleonic epoch in France is as ardent as ever it was.

A stone's throw from this tomb of a mighty warrior is a beautiful statue to a great man of peace, who really did love his fellow men and devoted his life to their welfare. From the Place Vauban turn down the Avenue de Breteuil and into the Place de

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Breteuil, where there is a monument to Louis Pasteur, by Falguière, one of France's greatest sculptors erected in 1904. Pasteur is seated, and a mother brings him her daughter to cure. Do not miss this statue, with its interesting details, erected to one of the benefactors of the human race. The Boulevard Pasteur, a little farther on, leads to the Institut Pasteur, in the Rue Dutot. By taking the Rue de Sèvres, we come again to the Boulevard des Invalides, and on the right is the Blind Asylum, founded by Valentin Haüy, the oldest of its kind. Soldiers blinded in the war work there—there is a club for the blind and a very large library. Wonderful things are being done for the blind in France to-day.

One can return to the Place and Pont de la Concorde on the underground railway or by tramway from the Champs de Mars, or one can walk back through the Rue Constantin to the Quai d'Orsay. The big building on the right as one reaches the Quai is the Foreign Office (usually referred to in political circles as the "Quai d'Orsay"). This big building, or series of buildings, was erected in 1845 on the site of the gardens of the Palais Bourbon (or French House of Parliament). It was here that the long continued sittings of the Peace Conference were held, so that the Quai d'Orsay may be said to be the birthplace of the League of Nations.

A few steps further and one comes to the Chamber of Deputies (see Chapter II). The bridge and Place de la Concorde are on our left, and stretching

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in front are the quays (on the left) and the Boulevard St. Germain (Chapter IX).

The Quai d'Orsay continues for some little distance, and then becomes the Quai Voltaire and the Quai Malaquais. On the Quai Voltaire lived, among other great men at various times, Alfred de Musset, Ingres, and Voltaire. The great Skeptic died in a room which is still preserved. Near to the Solférino Bridge is the Palace de Légion d'honneur, and a little further the fine station of the Orléans Railway, built on the site of the Cour des Comptes (destroyed during the Commune). The Ecole des Beaux-Arts is on the Quai Malaquais. It was founded in 1860 for instruction in painting, sculpture and architecture, and a branch of it is the famous Villa Medici, the French art school at Rome, to which winners of first prizes are sent for a four years' course of instruction at the expense of the Government.

Some yards further, on Quai Conti, facing the Louvre, on the other side of the river, is the Institut de France (note that the two buildings are appropriately joined by the Bridge of the Arts). The Institut, whose big dome is visible from a long way round, stands on the spot once occupied by the historic Tour de Nesle. The Institut forms the literary and scientific center of Paris. Founded by Cardinal Mazarin, and originally intended for the education of young men, it is now the seat of the five learned Academies, which meet within its walls. These are the French Academy of Letters, whose members are

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called the "Forty Immortals" because they are supposed to have reached such a stage of celebrity; the Academies of Historical and Archæological Research (*Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*); des Sciences; des Beaux-Arts (the fine arts) and the Academy *des Sciences Morales et Politiques*—curious names, some may think, but which, nevertheless, cover nearly the whole range of intellectual activity.

The most important of the Academies is that of Letters. The reception of a new Immortal is an important social and fashionable event, when, as the space available is very limited, and seats are not reserved, there is great demand for accommodation. If one is lucky enough to get a ticket, and after that to get in, one will see assembled all the most important people in Paris, from the President downward (President Deschanel is an Academician, as was his predecessor, M. Poincaré) and their wives and women friends in exquisite toilettes.

It is true that election to the Academy does not mean deathless fame, and many who have occupied these coveted seats are now properly forgotten (it may be that some of those now sitting there will share the same fate), but the distinction is naturally a much envied one. The new member on his reception delivers a speech before his brother Academicians who have elected him (an election which has to be ratified by the President of the Republic), and this speech takes the form of an eulogium of his predecessor in the particular seat. Thus continuity is

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given to the institution. The latest Academicians to be received soon after the war were the Marshals Joffre and Foch, though these great soldiers have no literary pretensions, in the election of whom the Academy followed an old precedent. A quaint story is told indeed of Marshal Saxe, who was, on his return from his victorious campaigns, invited to become a member, and refused on the excuse that he did not know how to spell (which was quite true) and therefore would be out of place in such an assembly.

The Academicians have an official uniform for State occasions of green with gold braid and a (useless and unnecessary) sword. Although they are often the object of banter from people who cannot aspire to the Academicians (but then, who is not a butt for irony in Paris?), yet the result is that the profession of letters, whether in the more august form of history, theology, or moral philosophy, or the more popular form of romance, poetry, or the drama, is given a standing and a dignity in France which it mostly lacks in other countries. Still, it is nevertheless a fact that some of France's greatest writers were never members of the Academy. The Academy also gives prizes to young literary talent, the funds having mostly come from private bequests for this purpose. They even give a yearly prize for the exercise of domestic virtues.

The Academy is also the mistress of the French language and diction, and the members have been for

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many years engaged on the compilation of a great dictionary of the French language. In past times it was also the mentor of good manners and elegance. The French like academies, and many of the French provincial towns have had their own academies, some of which wielded considerable influence—such Academies as Lyons, Caen, Amiens, Arras, Dijon, Nancy, Metz, Rouen, Toulouse, Châlons, Montpellier, Marseilles, Besançon, Arles and Soissons.

Just behind the Institut is the Mint (*Hôtel de la Monnaie*), which contains an important collection of coins, open to the public.

A picturesque feature of this part of Paris is the old book stores on either side of the Seine hereabouts, where scholars, bookworms and others linger in the hope of picking up knowledge or bibliographical treasures. The stalls have been here more or less since the middle of the seventeenth century, when they were turned off the Pont Neuf. Treasures bibliographic become rarer and rarer, because the dealers themselves are too keen on letting nothing pass their hands that may be a bargain; but still with care and time these may be sometimes picked up, and in any case one can often find plenty of interesting books. Mr. Gladstone and other distinguished Englishmen used to be very fond of whiling away hours at these bookstalls.

CHAPTER VII

PARIS OF THE MIDDLE AGES—THE MARAIS, THE BASTILLE

LET us start from the Place du Châtelet, which, as the reader has already found out, is easily reached by the underground railway. In the center of the Place is the fountain of Victory, with its four sphinxes, celebrating victories of Napoleon. There is little in this busy square, with the popular theaters on either side (one of them the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt) to remind one of its grim history, for on this spot once stood the notorious prison of the Grand Châtelet (which was removed in 1802). Ages before—in the ninth century—a wooden tower existed here to defend the bridge against the Normans. It was rebuilt in stone on a larger scale in the twelfth century, and this fortress was called the Grand Châtelet.

We must turn down the broad Avenue Victoria, past the Sarah Bernhardt Theater, and halt at the garden on the left, in order to get a look at the Tour St. Jacques. This beautiful tower in flamboyant Gothic is all that remains of a church destroyed in the Revolution. As Mr. Hilaire Belloc says, "The carvings jostle one another . . . and there finally

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appears that effect of a fire burning which has given to the last style of medieval architecture in France its French name and has inspired the phrase of Michelet with its violent metaphor: 'The Gothic caught fire, leaped up in the tongues of the Flamboyant, and disappeared.' " From the summit of this tower, Pascal, the great mathematician, made his early barometrical observations in the seventeenth century, and a statue of him is under the arch. The tower is now the home of the "Clerk of the Weather"—in other words, the Paris Meteorological Observatory.

Let us turn from ancient French art for a moment and note the modern in the form of the graceful statues in the garden around the Tower. Some of them are simple enough subjects, and a charming one is nothing more heroic than a girl carrying one of those loaves of bread in the form of a big ring which are sold in some parts of the country, but it is very artistic and graceful.

At the end of the Avenue Victoria we come to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, with the monumental Town Hall. The Hôtel de Ville, which is the headquarters of the Paris municipality, was burned down by the mob during the Commune and was rebuilt in 1882. It is a splendid copy of French Renaissance. The first Hôtel de Ville was bought for the purpose of a town hall in 1357 by Etienne Marcel, who was Provost of the Merchants, a dignity somewhat similar to the Mayor of our days, so that he was really

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the founder of Paris municipal government. Francis I laid the foundations of another Hôtel de Ville in 1533. There are noteworthy and beautiful things to be seen in the Hôtel de Ville, but they are mostly modern. On the south side of the building is a statue of Etienne Marcel, who fought hard for popular government and was assassinated in 1358.

The history of the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, which used to be called Place de Grève, is practically the history of Paris. Executions took place here for five hundred years—until 1832. Many and many a traitor's and sorceress's head has fallen here, as well as those of criminals of better substantiated character. Ravallac, the assassin of Henri IV (1610), the Marquise de Brinvilliers, the notorious poisoner (1676), and Cartouche, the highwayman (1721), were among the most picturesque criminals executed here. In recent years the Place has mostly been the scene of popular rejoicings, and it is particularly lively on the occasions of the Fourteenth of July balls for the people. Rulers and other distinguished visitors to Paris, as well as Frenchmen who have singularly distinguished themselves, are often received with pomp and ceremonial at the Hôtel de Ville by the Municipal Council, with their president at their head.

Behind the Hôtel de Ville, with a barracks separating them, stands the interesting and remarkable Church of St. Gervais and St. Protais. They are, it is said, the names of two twin brothers, who are sup-

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posed to have suffered martyrdom in the time of Nero. Rather legendary persons, they nevertheless became quite popular in the early middle ages, were made the patrons of various churches, and their story was used as a subject by numerous distinguished painters. There was a church on the same spot as early as the sixth century, but the present edifice was begun in 1212 and was remodeled in the sixteenth century. It is a mixture of the flamboyant Gothic and Renaissance. The interior, with its lofty Gothic arches, affords a curious and charming surprise in contrast with the severe Greek façade.

On Good Friday, 1918, while a special musical service was taking place at St. Gervais, and it was crowded with people, the church was hit by a shell from the German long-range gun. Falling upon the capital of one of the columns, it brought down the column upon the people, killing and injuring several hundreds and doing great damage to the fabric. This was one of the worst crimes committed by the Germans in their shelling and bombing of Paris.

An historic elm tree once grew under the shadow of this church, beneath whose leafy canopy the early kings used to sit to receive petitions and hear suits.

In this part of old Paris begins the Marais, as it was called in the olden days when it succeeded the island of the City as the center of Court and fashionable life. Take the Rue François Miron, close to the church and stop at No. 68—the Hôtel de Beauvais, first getting a good view of it from the oppo-

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site side of the street. Louis XIV gave this mansion to his mother's favorite *femme de chambre*, Catherine Bellier, in return for services rendered. Catherine married Pierre Beauvais. Passing through the vestibule into the courtyard gives one an idea of what an admirable piece of work it is, for it still maintains its architectural dignity amid decayed and sometimes unsavory surroundings. The ram's head ornamentations are a playful reference to the maiden name of Pierre Beauvais' wife.

Let us continue down this street, take the Rue Jouy (on the left), and follow it till we come to Rue Figuier. Passing down this thoroughfare of seventeenth century dwellings, we come in a few minutes to the finest relic of medieval Paris remaining—a belated lingerer, indeed, of an age that has passed. This is the Hôtel de Sens, built (and very well built, too) in 1474, when Louis IX was king. It was the town house of the Archbishop of Sens, was occupied a century or more later by Queen Margot, the divorced wife of Henri IV, and has since passed through many vicissitudes. In the time of the Directory, tradition says, when it was a hostelry, the "Lyons Mail" used to leave the yard.

Over a large part of this neighborhood once stood the vast Palace of St. Paul, with its gardens, which was built by Charles V. Several of the streets still bear names having reference to these places, such as Rue des Jardins, Rue des Lions (built on the site of the former royal menagerie), Rue de Beautrellis,

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and so on. Famous old houses which existed here for ages have disappeared even in recent years.

We can retrace our steps, or we can go as far as the Rue St. Paul, which in a minute or two brings us to the busy thoroughfare of Rue St. Antoine, which leads into the Place de la Bastille. But if we are wise and have the time we shall turn off the Rue St. Antoine and take the Rue Sévigné until we reach the Musée Carnavalet. This fine old building, with its spacious garden, is now the museum of history of Paris, and indeed, it is not easy to know Paris without visiting it. It was built in 1544 by Lescot, the architect of the old Louvre, and after passing through various hands, was inhabited by Madame de Sévigné for eighteen years (from 1677). There are four rooms containing souvenirs of the siege of Paris, a gallery filled with mementoes of the Revolution, besides all sorts of historical souvenirs and relics, including pottery, of the Gallo-Roman, medieval and Renaissance periods. Souvenirs of Napoleon, Mme. de Sévigné, and other distinguished persons abound, and there are fine sculptures inside and out by Jean Goujon. The name of Carnavalet is taken from one of the owners of the house, before the famous letter-writer. (This museum can also be reached by taking the underground railway to the St. Paul station.)

A stone's throw from this Museum, in the Rue Vieille du Temple, is the building of the National Archives, which was once the home of the de Guise family. A fortress stood here in the fourteenth

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century. The Archives contain some of the most interesting historical documents in French history, edicts, proclamations, trials, parchments, seals, etc. It would take us too far to describe some of the interesting old houses in some of the streets in this neighborhood, but there are many worthy of a visit. A gem is the corner house, No. 54 Rue Vieille du Temple, now a workman's tavern, with the beautiful turret above it. At No. 87 is the National Printing Works, once the house of Cardinal de Rohan. The Duke of Orléans was assassinated in a small impasse at No. 38 Rue des Francs Bourgeois. No. 30 was once the home of Jean de Fourcy; No. 25 was the home of Diane, Duchess d'Angoulême, daughter of Henri II.

The Rue Vieille du Temple and the Boulevard du Temple bring us to the Place de la République, which we have already visited. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, it will be remembered, were imprisoned in the Temple.

From the Place de la République to the Place de la Bastille is a short walk down the Boulevard du Temple and Boulevard Beaumarchais. Beaumarchais had a fine house here, and some of his comedies were produced at a theater in the neighborhood, which no longer exists.

In the middle of the Place de la Bastille is the Column of July, erected to commemorate the Revolution of July, 1830, and the fall of the Bastille, the famous prison fortress, which stood on the western

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side of the Place. Charles V built the Bastille particularly to defend his Palace of St. Paul; in later years it was a State prison and weapon of oppression, until it was burned and destroyed by the Revolutionary mob in 1789. It was one of the earliest deeds of the Revolution, and the fête of July Fourteenth each year is especially to celebrate it. (Read Carlyle again for this event.) The eastern limits of the Bastille are marked in white stones in the roadway near the opening of the Rue St. Antoine, but none of the pile itself is left. The six hundred odd patriots who are buried under the Colonne de Juillet are not, however, those who fell in the great Revolution, but are the victims of the later rising, when Paris again revolted, with much bloodshed, under Charles X. The monument was erected a few years later, and it is a glory of the French people that if they have plenty of monuments celebrating military victories, they have also not a few recording the triumphs of the people over tyranny.

Now it is worth while returning a little way down the Rue St. Antoine, and taking the Rue des Tournelles, which recalls the Palais des Tournelles, built in 1390 near this spot by Charles VI. Ninon de l'Enclos died in the Rue des Tournelles in 1706 at ninety years of age. The Rue du Pas de Mule brings us to that magnificent remnant of the sixteenth century, the Place des Vosges (which occupies the site of the courtyard of the Palais des Tournelles). Charles VI occupied the Palace; so did the Duke of

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Bedford when he was Regent of France after the death of Henry V of England. The last Monarch to dwell here was Henri II, who was injured in a tournament held in this court, dying a few days later. After this, his widow, Catherine de Medici, destroyed the Palace. As it now stands the square is the work of Henri IV, and this center of the once aristocratic Paris, where Kings and Cardinals came and went, surrounded by their knights and squires and noble dames, is now a playground for children and a "snoozing" place for modest "rentiers," or retired tradesmen, who are watched over by that absurd statue of Louis XIII. Richelieu lived at No. 21 and the famous tragédienne, Rachel, at No. 13, while No. 6 was the home of Victor Hugo while he was writing many of his great works. His home is now a museum of relics of the poet, owned by the city of Paris. Several writers have remarked that this is one of the things which are better done in France than elsewhere. A visit to the Victor Hugo Museum, full of souvenirs of his changeful life and turbulent genius, gives one the impression that the great man has only just stepped out of the place, whereas so many museums of the sort leave one with no impression except of dry bones and painful indiscretions.

Quite close to the Place des Vosges (back in Rue St. Antoine, No. 62) is the former residence of Henri IV's great Minister Sully, dating from 1624. Now let us go back about seventy yards, as far as

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the little Rue Beautrellis, from whence we take the first street, Rue Charles V. Here at No. 12, a fine house, lived the notorious Madame de Brinvilliers, the poisoner. Here she perpetrated the long series of murders for which she suffered torture and execution.

From the Place de la Bastille, or the Place des Vosges, via Boulevard Beaumarchais, one gains Rue de la Roquette, at the end of which is the celebrated Père Lachaise Cemetery. It is so called after the Jesuit Confessor of Louis XIV and was opened as a cemetery in 1804. Covering an area of one hundred and ten acres, it contains over twenty thousand monuments. The directory of Père Lachaise itself is quite a considerable volume, as many of the celebrated men who have died in France during the past century are buried here, and the remains of some who died before that date were transferred hither, such as La Fontaine and Molière. Passing down the avenues one meets name after name that pulls one up and evokes memories—Alfred de Musset, with the weeping willow over his tomb, if one loves poetry; Chopin, if one is a musician; Balzac, Thiers, Rachel, Sir Sydney Smith, Auber, Arago, Rossini, Cousin, the philosopher; Duc de Morny, Cherubini, Suchet, Bellini, Talma, the great actor; Scribe, the dramatist; Beaumarchais, Marshal Ney, Béranger, Oscar Wilde (removed hither from Bagneux Cemetery)—what a “God’s acre” it is! Some of the monuments are very beautiful and reposeful, if others perhaps

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are a little too imposing for modern taste. Bartholomé's superb monument to the Dead, in the central avenue, should be inspected.

On All Saints' Day the Parisians make pilgrimages to the cemeteries, with wreaths, and as many as three thousand people visit Père Lachaise every year in those gloomy days of early November. There is also a modern crematorium in Père Lachaise.

At either end of the Cemetery is a Metropolitan railway station, which will take one to any part of Paris one wishes in a few minutes.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ART, GAYETY AND GENIUS OF PARIS—THE PARK MONCEAU, MONTMARTRE

WE are now familiar with the various ways of getting to the Etoile, or Arc de Triomphe (perhaps the most pleasant of all, enabling one to see the town and the life at leisure, is one of those old-fashioned horse "voitures" that amble up without too much hurry). As I am arranging for you to see, first of all, on this occasion the Parc Monceau, it is not absolutely essential that you go to the Etoile, but the best approach to it is from here down the Avenue Hoche. Parc Monceau is the choice and secluded spot where lovers meet in romances, and one wants to be a lover again when visiting it, so dainty and suggestive of reverie is the place. Its history doesn't matter a jot, but its trees and green grass and tranquillity are everything—yet it is only a stone's throw from fairly busy thoroughfares.

The tone of the park is given by the exquisite statues lingering like shadows of the past amid the foliage. There are monuments of Chopin and Gounod, of Ambroise Thomas and Edouard Paileron, the dramatist, author of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennui." But the most pleasing is that of Guy de

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Maupassant, whose stories are like the bitter-sweet of life itself, and really it is his park. Under his bust is a sitting figure of a modern young Parisienne, graceful and thoughtful, reading one of his romances. I have already mentioned the statues of Paris, which are better worth lingering over than such things are in most cities. Though some of them are like Madame Tussaud's "official" statues, making one feel that the artist had to please his client and could not therefore find much inspiration, yet on the whole the statues and monuments of the "Ville Lumière" charm, attract and even astonish. Look on one of the lawns of this park at the figure of a chubby boy-faun who is playing with his own tail! What archness and humor there are in this little personage, who is certainly allied to de Maupassant and Pailleron. I think people who live overlooking the Parc Monceau must have lived very good lives.

Another museum—the Musée Cernuschi—is in the Avenue Velasquez, beside the park. It contains a very fine and rare collection of Chinese and Japanese art and antiquities, and was given to the city by a gentleman of the name by which the museum goes.

If we leave the park by the gilded gates leading to the Boulevard Malesherbes we shall shortly reach the Church of St. Augustine, a handsome and massive building, quite modern and containing a variety of styles, but otherwise not specially interesting. On the way we pass the statue of Shakespeare, presented

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to the city by an English resident some years ago. Parisians are not particularly fond of Shakespeare. The statue of Joan of Arc in front of the church is more interesting (it is a replica of the one at Rheims).

This Shakespeare is the only statue in the city to an Englishman, but as I have already pointed out, there are several statues to Americans.

Now let us take the Boulevard Haussmann. On the right at the corner of the Rue d'Anjou is the Chapelle Expiatoire, which was erected by Louis XVIII in memory of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and the Swiss Guard, on the spot where stood the Madeleine Cemetery, where they were first buried (their remains were removed to St. Denis in 1815).

Following along the Boulevard to the St. Lazare station (the station for St. Cloud, Versailles, St. Germain, and other resorts in the West), and taking the Rue St. Lazare, we come shortly to the Church of La Trinité, modern and handsome, which has a fine choir. There are white marble fountains in the square in front of the church. La Trinité was not hit by shell or bomb, but like many other buildings in the city, it will be found to have been spattered by bits of exploding shell or shrapnel. There is scarcely any part of the city that escaped.

In the Rue Châteaudun we come to another church—that of Notre Dame de Lorette, built in the style of the early Christian basilicas at Rome. It is lavishly decorated and contains some fine frescoes. The

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Rue Lafayette is always interesting to visitors, because it is the route from the Gare du Nord. In this street is the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, modern, and also in the basilica style. (Mrs. Beale quaintly says it is "quite worthy of its titular Saint!" and as he was known as the "friend of the poor," the remark leaves one wondering what she meant!) Besides paintings by well-known modern artists, it contains a celebrated frieze by Flandrin, inspired by the mosaics at S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna.

Any of these streets leads us to Montmartre. Let us take Rue Blanche, where the Réjane Theater is (now in other hands and given another name), or the Rue des Martyrs, in which Balzac used to live. From the Place or Boulevard Clichy it is but a short way, passing the former Hippodrome (now a cinematograph) to the Montmartre Cemetery, the second burial ground in the city as regards size and interest. Scores of writers, musicians, actors, singers are buried here—among them Offenbach, Berlioz, Alexandre Dumas fils, Ary Scheffer, Ernest Renan, the two Goncourts, Stendhal, Charcot, the great doctor; Horace Vernet, the painter of the Napoleonic epoch; Murger, the writer of "*La Vie de Bohème*," to whom so many subsequent writers on Paris owe half their stock-in-trade, and, perhaps the best known of all, Heinrich Heine, with the tomb erected by the late Empress of Austria, on which (before the war) there was always a fresh wreath of violets. Matthew Arnold's great poem on Heine's grave makes many

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want to visit it who do not know or do not care for the German poet's own work.

What can one say of Montmartre as to which there is so much to be said, and of which so much has been written? Montmartre represents the brains, the wit and the genius of France, as also its "blague" (or "blarney"). It is mostly the home of the artists and of Bohemia, having years ago succeeded the Latin Quarter in this respect.

To the casual visitor to Paris Montmartre stands for night cafés and a certain kind of nocturnal gayety divested of decorum, besides certain rather silly show places to which tourists go because it is the fashion to go to them when in Paris. But these places are not what have made Montmartre popular among the Parisians.

The real *Cabarets* of Montmartre were started with the famous "Chat Noir" in 1882, at which the gifted and witty Rodolphe Salis was surrounded by artists, poets and wits, most of whom have since become celebrated. Maurice Donnay, the Academician of to-day and a very clever dramatist, used to recite his own poems here and make fun of the Academy, while Gustave Charpentier, the composer of "Louise," played the piano. Besides music and verse, the entertainments at the "Chat Noir" used to consist of plays performed by miniature marionettes, the parts being sung and accompanied by author and composer, while the old-fashioned "shadowgraphs" were revived and greatly developed. Salis himself

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had a wonderful gift of improvisation, and the cabaret soon earned a widespread fame and had to take larger premises. Since then a number of cabarets have been started in Montmartre, some of which, like the "Lune Rousse," have continued the traditions of the "Chat Noir" and are great and deserved favorites with Parisians for their wit, ingenuity and the kind of broad humor beloved of the French. Of course, one has to know the language of Molière pretty well to enjoy the fun at these places.

Most of the famous restaurants and night cafés which are the nightly resorts of cosmopolitan roisterers (when they are open, which has not been the case much since the war on account of the coal and other restrictions) are on and around the Boulevard Clichy. Most former visitors know the "Rat Mort" and the "Abbaye de Thélème."

Behind the Boulevard de Clichy is the Church of the Sacré Cœur. Take one of the steep streets that go up to the "Butte" de Montmartre, preferably the Rue de Sevest from Boulevard Rochechouart.

This hill is considered to be sacred ground. The name Montmartre has been given several origins; some say it is "Mont Martis," the hill of Mars; others "Mons Martyrum," the hill of the Martyr. St. Denis, a patron saint of Paris, was beheaded at the foot of the hill, and, legend says, he rose, picked up his head and carried it to the summit of the hill, where he was buried. The hill at its highest point is 2,330 feet above the level of the Seine. It is worth the

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climb (though you can also come by the funicular railway) for the sake of the fine view of Paris to be obtained hence, apart from the visit to the Sacred Heart Church.

It was on Montmartre that the Commune broke out, the Communists having taken possession of the cannon on the hill on March 18, 1871. In May they were dislodged and the batteries of the height were turned against them in their refuges at the Buttes Chaumont and Père Lachaise.

The building of this Romanesque Church of the Sacred Heart, with its Byzantine dome, was decided on by the National Assembly in 1874, and the expense of it has been enormous, the foundations alone costing four million francs. Public subscriptions and the fees paid for visiting the crypt and other parts of the church have defrayed these expenses. The Basilica was not consecrated until 1891, and even then was not finished. It must be confessed that the distant view of the Sacré Cœur is more interesting than the near one, for the church is somber and has nothing particularly attractive about it. Near by is the oldest church in Paris—St. Pierre—said to have been founded by Louis VI, but which at any rate belonged to a Benedictine Monastery in the twelfth century. St. Bernard is said to have been present at the consecration. Little of this older edifice now remains, but the marble columns in the church are supposed to have formed part of a Temple of Mars built by the Romans.

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In former days Montmartre was celebrated for its windmills, and the two famous dancing halls, the Moulin Rouge (who has not been there whose acquaintance with Paris does not date from quite recent times?), and the Moulin de la Galette, are jocular references to the fact. The heyday of these places, however, dates from even before the youth of the present generation—the days when the “cancan” was supposed to be a “naughty” dance and famous “high-kickers” like “Nini-Patte-en-l’Air” (“Nini with the paws in the air”) used to divert the town. Dancing of a somewhat riotous variety, followed by copious suppers, with special dishes and drink, has always been a favorite diversion of the Parisians, and there were numerous dancing halls in various parts of the city. These dancing halls were very different from the fashionable dancing places in vogue to-day, which are frequented by quite another class.

Montmartre has many painters’ studios and sculptors’ ateliers. When the war broke out and artists of the humbler class, students and models fell upon evil days, a society opened coöperative kitchens to cater for these people at a very low charge, or nothing at all, if they could not afford anything (the funds being helped out by subscriptions). Large studios were used for the purpose, and the guests often helped in the preparation of the meals.

CHAPTER IX

ARISTOCRATIC AND PIOUS PARIS—THE LUXEM- BOURG, THE PANTHEON, ST. ETIENNE, ST. SULPICE

THE Boulevard St. Germain begins, as we have already seen, on the left bank of the Seine, in front of the Chamber of Deputies. It is the longest boulevard on this side of the river. Quite recently portions of it have been renamed, the names of famous generals having been adopted, just as Avenue du Trocadéro has been renamed Avenue du Président Wilson. It seems a pity that the time-honored names should go, much as one may admire the generals of the great war.

By the St. Germain quarter is meant the quarter of the aristocracy and the higher bourgeoisie, as this boulevard, but more particularly the neighboring streets, Rue de Grenelle, rue de l'Université, Rue de Lille, running about parallel with it, were made the home of the Parisian aristocracy after its removal from the Marais. In Rue de Grenelle (at No. 18) was the home of Josephine, it being the mansion of the Beauharnais family; the Duchesse d'Estrées lived at No. 79, which is now the Russian Embassy, and Adrienne Lecouvreur was buried at the back of

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No. 115, in unconsecrated ground. The Rue de l'Université, as also the Rue St. Dominique, are also full of historical houses or of mansions built by the heads of distinguished aristocratic families.

Continuing along the Boulevard St. Germain, the first big building which we find on the right is the Ministry of War, which suffered a good deal during the war from shell fragments and shrapnel. At the entrance to the fine new Boulevard Raspail is the striking statue of Danton, the Revolutionary leader—the man who in France's darkest hour, in September, 1792, rallied the wavering courage of the Assembly with his cry for "*l'Audace!—Encore de l'Audace! et toujours de l'Audace.*" He was arrested six months later by order of Robespierre in his house, which stood on the spot where this statue now is.

Facing the statue is a high doorway, with the inscription over it, "Cour de Commerce." Here we breathe the spirit of the Revolution, for at No. 8 Marat's sheet, "L'Ami du Peuple," was printed (it is still a printer's), and opposite, at No. 9, a Monsieur Guillotin experimented with his decapitating machine on sheep! His guillotine has ever since been the official instrument for the execution of criminals in France. At No. 4 is a locksmith's shop, in which is to be found a curious relic of very old Paris—the base of one of the towers of the wall of Philip Augustus. Turning through an old gateway here we come to the quaint old-fashioned Cour de Rouen, or "de Rohan," as it is usually spelled nowadays, but

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this is wrong, for it is the site of the town house of the Archbishop of Rouen. Before that it was the garden belonging to the physician of Louis XI, which had been built on the ruins of the city wall of Philip Augustus. Further on to the right is a house built over an arch, which was built by Henri II and occupied by Diane de Poitiers.

At the corner of Boulevard St. Germain, which leads to the Rue de Rennes, we come to another of these old-world courts—the Cour du Dragon. Over the high archway a dragon perches on the façade. This is eighteenth century Paris, with the gutter running in the middle of the paving-stones. The old shops are given up to the industry of small goods in iron, as they have been for two centuries past. At the end of the Cour is an old house which gives one a very good idea of the domestic architecture in the time of Louis XIII.

We return to the Boulevard, and visit the Church of St. Germain des Prés (or St. Germain of the Fields), parts of which date from the eleventh century. Take a good view of it from the other side of the Boulevard, for it is a very picturesque building—full of character and charm—as well as an extremely interesting one. St. Germain, according to the story, was a Bishop of Paris in the sixth century; he was afterwards canonized. Childebert, son of Clovis, was then king, and he brought a great deal of spoil home from his wars in Spain, including the “Tunic of St. Vincent.” He built a church to receive it, which

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was dedicated to St. Vincent, but when St. Germain died and was buried here, and many miraculous cures of the sick took place around his tomb, the name was changed. His church was called "of the Fields," to distinguish it from the other St. Germain, at the Louvre. In the middle ages there was a monastery contiguous, and most of what one sees of the church now has been rebuilt or restored—several times indeed. Nevertheless St. Germain des Prés is still the oldest church in Paris, as a part of the nave dates from the eleventh century.

Some characteristic streets of old-time Paris are to be found opening on one's left as one proceeds eastward along the Boulevard St. Germain—Rues de la Petite Boucherie, Echaudé, de Seine, de Grégoire de Tours, and the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, at the end of which one gets a glimpse of the dome of the Institut de France.

Let us, however, cross the Boulevard St. Germain and take the Rue Bonaparte, which will shortly bring us to another church—that of St. Sulpice, in the Place of the same name. Note the atmosphere around here. One might be in a pious provincial town, so quiet and solemn is this quarter, with its air of devotion and scholarship, its bookshops, largely devoted to theological and pious publications, and others for the sale of church ornaments and articles of devotion. It is quite a different city from Montmartre, for instance, with its shabby Bohemianism, or the Boulevard's half busy, half "flâneur."

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The center of the Place St. Sulpice is adorned with a fine fountain; those four great preachers around it seem to be watching over the neighborhood to prevent anything like frivolity. Approached from several points, the Church of St. Sulpice is picturesque and impressive, but it is cold and classical inside and cannot compete in beauty or interest with numerous other Paris churches. The church dates from 1646, the foundation stone having been laid by Anne of Austria. It is famous for its organ.

The large building which takes up one side of the square was formerly a seminary (Ernest Renan, author of the *Life of Jesus*, studied here), and when the war broke out it was being prepared to become a picture gallery and receive the overflow from the Luxembourg. During the war it housed refugees and soldiers.

At the end of the Rue Bonaparte we come to the Luxembourg Gardens. This is a beautiful Renaissance garden, in which there are some striking and interesting statues, and three remarkable fountains, which the visitor should not miss—the Medicis fountain, with sculptured groups of Polyphemus surprising Acis and Galatea; the Fountain of Leda, representing the metamorphosis of Jupiter into a swan; and on the south side, en route for the Observatory, the Carpeaux Fountain, with sea-horses by Frémiet, allegorical figures bearing a sphere by Carpeaux, and water-spouting dolphins. There are statues in the gardens to many distinguished literary people and

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others, while the statues to the Queens of France, though perhaps not too reliable, are nevertheless interesting.

The Luxembourg Museum, at the Rue de Vaugirard gate of the gardens, has been called the "ante-room" to the Louvre, as it contains sculpture and paintings by recently deceased or still living artists, including numerous Americans. The sculpture in the Luxembourg is particularly notable for the numerous examples of Rodin to be found here, but there is also fine work by Meunier, Frémiet, and other great modern sculptors. The painting includes works by Degas, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Puvis de Chavannes, Harpignies, Rosa Bonheur, Eugène Carrière, Whistler and other representative artists.

A little further along the Rue de Vaugirard and we come to the Palace of the Luxembourg. Erected in 1612 for Marie de Medici, Queen of Henri IV, and remaining a royal residence until the Revolution, when it became a prison, and afterwards again the seat of Government under the Directorate and Consulate (when magnificent fêtes were given within its walls), it has been the headquarters of the Senate since the time of Napoleon I, except for a brief interval under Louis Philippe. The President of the Senate resides in the wing known as the Petit Luxembourg.

A few steps beyond the Palace, on the left, is the Odéon Theatre, the home of classical as well as modern plays; it is the fourth State-subsidized theater.

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Notice the approach to the theater from the Boulevard St. Germain, and do not miss the statue of Augier, the dramatist (author of numerous plays popular with the French public) in front of the theater, but especially the charming and graceful figures around the pedestal—Comedy and the intensely Parisian boy, with the player's mask brandishing the whip of satire. There is quite an old-world air about the neighborhood of the Odéon and the bookshop that occupies the arcade around it. At No. 1 Place de l'Odéon once stood the Café Procope, the most famous of the cafés of the eighteenth century, which, says Jules Janin, was the "boudoir, the school, the Academy and the Champ de Mars of the eighteenth century, the rendezvous of the most violent and the most timid minds of the time." It was particularly favored by Voltaire and all the wits of both before and after his time.

Opposite the Senate, at the top of the Rue de Tournon, where in the sixteenth century there used to be a horse market, is the Restaurant Foyot, a house favored by epicures and largely patronized by the Senators.

Just round the Luxembourg Gardens, to which we now return, is the Boulevard St. Michel, which is the real Latin Quarter, the home of the students and (in the time when they were so much written about by Murger and others) of the "grisette," or Mimi-Pinson (called "grisette" from her gray stuff frock). Turning up the Rue Soufflot, we see facing us the

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Panthéon (Soufflot was the name of the architect). The foundation stone of this building was laid by Louis XV on the site of a church dedicated to St. G  nevi  ve, the Saint having been buried here in the Church of the Holy Apostles in 511. Still unfinished when the Revolution broke out, the Convention secularized it, converting it into a temple. Louis XVIII restored it to religious uses, but it was again secularized in 1885, when Victor Hugo was buried there. The first great man to be buried here was Mirabeau, but his remains were removed and scattered later by fickle mobs, as were those of Marat. One can, however, visit the tombs in the vaults, under the guidance of a guardian (one of the drawbacks to visiting monuments in and around Paris is the irritating presence of guardians, and in the vaults of the Panth  on there seems no earthly reason for it, as no one can steal tombs, as the "Gioconda" was stolen from the Louvre), of Voltaire, Rousseau, Lazare Carnot, Marshal Lannes, President Sadi-Carnot, Emile Zola and Rouget de Lisle. The dome, which rivals St. Paul's, London, and St. Peter's, Rome, is two hundred and seventy-nine feet high, four hundred and twenty-five steps leading to it. The fa  ade is reminiscent of the Panth  on at Rome. Do not miss the splendid frescoes by Puvis de Chavannes, representing the life of St. G  nevi  ve and other subjects, the paintings by J. P. Laurens and other artists, or the "Penseur" of Rodin.

Just behind the Panth  on, to the left, is the fasci-

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nating church of St. Etienne du Mont (or St. Stephen of the Hill), often also known as the Church of St. G  n  vi  ve. The Abbey of St. G  n  vi  ve, founded by Clovis, once stood here, and the Saint is supposed to have been buried close by. That rugged tower—Tour de Clovis—which is seen on the right is a relic of the old building. The present church was built early in the sixteenth century, in late Gothic, though finished in Renaissance, which had meanwhile become the vogue. The interior is very picturesque, with its mixture of the two styles, its fine “Jub  ” or rood loft (the only one in the city), a magnificent pulpit, and the shrine of G  n  vi  ve, where candles are perpetually burning. The tomb, the contents of which were taken out and burned during the Revolution, is the object of interesting pilgrimages, and one can rarely visit it without finding dozens of people praying around it, while it is said still to be potent in working cures. There are some fine chapels in the church, and beautiful stained glass, including the legend of the wine press. It also contains epitaphs of some of France’s celebrities, notably Racine and Pascal.

The large building on the north side of the Place du Panth  on is the St. G  n  vi  ve Library. The Rue St. Jacques, running parallel with the Boulevard St. Michel, is one of a number of very interesting streets to be found in this neighborhood. No. 289 was once the home of Madame du Barry, the beauty of humble birth, who became the mistress of Louis XV and lost

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her head in the Terror. Farther up the street is the Hospital of Val-de-Grace. No. 269 was a monastery of English Benedictines, whither the body of James II was brought in 1701. No. 284, once a Carmelite Convent, was the last refuge of another royal favorite, Louise de la Vallière, who lived here for thirty-six years. Under the streets hereabouts are the Catacombs.

If we now return to the Boulevard St. Michel and continue on our right, we come to the Sorbonne, or University of Paris, the seat of the Faculties of Literature and Science. Founded in 1256 by St. Louis, at the desire of his confessor, Robert Sorbon, it was originally meant as a theological college for poor students. The University was under the Monarchy, always surrounded with the greatest care and accorded special privileges, and Louis X, to justify ever fresh privileges granted to it, in the eyes of his courtiers, said: "The faith owes its preservation to it, society its elegance and its manners, and the entire world its knowledge and enlightenment." How important Paris was as a seat of learning in the middle ages there are many evidences to attest. There were forty-two colleges in 1465 (according to Victor Hugo); while in 1648, according to another authority, Paris possessed fifty colleges, sixteen hospitals, and one hundred and ninety churches and convents. Richelieu erected a building for the theological faculty, but it has been almost entirely rebuilt since 1885, with the exception of the church. In the interior there

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are some fine paintings and sculptures. The Grand Amphitheater will hold thirty-five thousand persons. Puvis de Chavannes' fresco on the wall is famous. In front of the church is a statue of Auguste Comte, and inside the tomb of Richelieu.

The Collège de France is in the Rue des Ecoles, at the corner of Rue St. Jacques. It was founded by Francis I, and its forty chairs are occupied by some of the most eminent men in the various branches of science, history, literature, etc. In the garden is a statue of Dante, who is said to have been a poor student at the University, some of his biographers claiming that he spent about two years in Paris, living in the neighboring Rue de Bièvre.

Descending the Boulevard St. Michel, at its junction with Boulevard St. Germain, is the Cluny Museum, in some respects the most interesting museum in France. It occupies the site of an old Roman palace, supposed to have been founded by the Emperor Constantine Chlorus, who resided in Gaul (229-306). Julian was proclaimed Emperor here, and the earlier Kings of the Franks lived in the Palace.

In the course of time the place fell into ruins, and only the thermal baths now remain. The Abbot of Cluny, in Burgundy, bought the ruin in 1340, but it was not until a century later that the present superb hotel was erected as a town residence for the Bishops of Cluny. In 1537 Madeleine, the daughter of Francis I, was married here to James V of Scotland. In 1833 the house was bought by a M. Sommerand,

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a wealthy connoisseur, to house his collection of medieval and Renaissance works of art, and ten years later the Government purchased the hotel and the collection. The tapestries, French and Italian pottery, della Robbia ware, carved woodwork of all kinds, ceilings, chimneys, metal work, lace, ivory, carriages, Sedan chairs, etc., make it one of the finest artistic collections in Europe.

Now let us follow Boulevard St. Germain to the right as far as the Quai and continue along the Quai as far as the bridge (Pont d'Austerlitz), and we come to the Jardin des Plantes, the botanical and zoölogical gardens of Paris and museum of natural history. Its comparative anatomy and natural history collections founded by Buffon, have grown to be the most complete in the world. There are a large library and an amphitheater, where free lectures are given. The cedar (forty feet in circumference) is famous. It was brought from Lebanon by the scientist in his hat, and as water was scarce, he often deprived himself to give to the sapling.

Between the Cluny Museum and the river are two churches worth visiting. St. Severin, in the street of the same name, on the other side of the Boulevard of St. Germain, is so shut in between a rookery of crowded houses, that it is somewhat difficult to find; nevertheless it is very interesting, dating as it does from the thirteenth century, though it has been added to from time to time. It contains some fine Gothic work, but the west portal was brought to it from an-

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other church that was demolished on the Cité in 1837. There is a curious souvenir in connection with this church; on a portion of the ground once stood a graveyard, and here, in 1461, we are told, the first operation for stone was carried out on a man condemned to death, the operation being so successful that Louis XI pardoned his crime.

Off the Rue St. Jacques, near the Sorbonne building, is a little street, St. Julien-le-Pauvre, and a few yards down this (right) is a gateway taking one into the Church of St. Julien-le-Pauvre. Though not much to look at now, and though very considerably diminished from what it once was, for at one time the church covered all this space (the wall on the left in the courtyard was once part of the northern wall of the nave, and the well we can see was once within the church), this church is of great antiquity. The first religious house on the spot was destroyed by the Norsemen; three hundred years later (in the twelfth century) the church was rebuilt and a big priory re-established. In the middle ages St. Julien was the place of assembly of the Paris University. In the seventeenth century it became attached to the old Hôtel-Dieu as its chapel. It was used as a salt warehouse during the Revolution, while now it is given over to a congregation of the Greek church.

Here is the heart of the old-time Latin Quarter. Mass at St. Julien-le-Pauvre at five o'clock in the winter was the signal for the commencement of the classes, by candle-light. We are close to the Place

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Maubert, which was one of the most notorious places in the middle ages (it is now very altered and enlarged, as the Boulevard St. Germain runs through it, and the market occupies the site of a monastery). Another once disreputable street in a disreputable neighborhood is the Rue des Anglais (!). The Rue Fouarre is so-called from the straw (*fourrage*) on which the students used to sit or lie to listen to lectures. The statue near the market, in the Place Maubert, by the way, is of Etienne Dolet, one of the great men of the Renaissance, who was burned on this spot for his advanced teachings.

If we take the Rue Monge from this square, or from Ron des Ecoles, a few yards brings us to the Square Monge, where there is a notable statue of Villon, the vagrant poet of Louis XI's time. In the Rue Navarre, a little farther along, there is a gateway admitting to the Arènes de Lutece. This Roman amphitheater, constructed, it is supposed, about the second century, was accidentally discovered about 1870, and further researches in 1883 resulted in the portion now seen being laid bare, though some two thirds of the structure are still believed to be underground.

CHAPTER X

THE PARIS OF PLEASURE—THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, THE RACE COURSES

To reach the Parisians' great pleasure park, the Bois de Boulogne, the easiest way is to take a train on the Underground railway to the Porte Maillot, or the Port Dauphine (the one at the end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, the other close to the entrance to the Bois in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne). One should, however, not omit to see the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, a charming residential quarter for wealthy people and a favorite promenade for those who wish to meet their friends, to show their smart toilettes, or be in "the swim," especially on Sundays—in the morning for the more leisured classes, and in the afternoon for the lesser bourgeois and the workers. Walk, then, down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne from the Arc de Triomphe; there are always promenaders, horsemen, and children with their "nouns." There are many fine houses in the leafy avenue; note the replica of the Trianon (on the right), built for Madame Anna Gould, now Duchesse de Talleyrand.

Of the other broad avenues starting from the Place de l'Etoile, the Avenue Victor Hugo leads to the

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statue of Victor Hugo; the Avenue de la Grande Armée, so called because it is a processional route, leads to the suburb of Neuilly, the Seine, and scenes of fighting in the War of 1870-1. Here is one of the numerous gates of Paris in the fortifications. Paris is soon to lose her fortifications, which are, of course, useless against modern artillery and the latest engines of warfare. Their place is to be taken by gardens and allotments, and one of the results will be to give the city much more breathing space and "elbow room."

There was formerly a château at Neuilly, which was the residence of Louis Philippe, but it was destroyed in the Revolution of 1848. There is a statue (behind the Mairie) to Parmentier, who introduced the potato into France. A famous and popular fête every year is the Neuilly Fair, which is held in summer in the Avenue de Neuilly, a prolongation of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and covers nearly two miles. Parisians go out in tens of thousands to visit this fair and enjoy its somewhat childish pleasures.

The best way of seeing the Bois de Boulogne is, first of all, to drive through it in a horse carriage, telling your driver to go rather slowly in order that you may enjoy the charming woodland glimpses which the wood affords.

Formerly part of the extensive forest of Rouvray and Crown property until 1848, the Bois was taken over by the Municipality in 1852 and made into the present park. During the Revolution it was the

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refuge of many who were proscribed, and at all times it was a famous resort of duelists, many a famous encounter having taken place here. Even ladies have crossed weapons in quiet corners, and in the time of Louis XV the Marquise de Nesles and the Comtesse de Polignac exchanged pistol shots on account of the Duc de Richelieu. The fine trees were cut down in the War of 1870, to prevent the Germans from using them as hiding-places for guns.

The Allée de Longchamp, or Avenue des Acacias, which your cab will probably first take, is the most fashionable promenade in the Bois; it is about one and one-half miles in length. On fine Sunday mornings there is quite a parade of beauty and fashion and gallantry here; it might be called the Rotten Row of the French capital. The flower battles which have taken place here in recent years are quite charming functions. This portion of the woods used to be called the "Empress's Alley," and during the Second Empire it was the resort of all the wealth and elegance of the town. Emile Zola, in *La Curée*, gives a brilliant picture of the place in those days. "It was four o'clock," he writes, "and the Bois awoke from the heaviness of the hot afternoon. Along the Avenue de l'Impératrice clouds of dust rose up, while in the distance could be seen the stretches of verdure bordering the slopes of St. Cloud and Suresnes, crowned by the gray mass of Mont Valérien. The sun, which was still high up over the horizon, poured down, filling the hollows between the foliage

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with a shower of gold, lighting up the higher branches, changing this ocean of foliage to an ocean of light. The varnished panels of the carriages, the flashes of light from pieces of copper and steel, the brilliant colors of the toilettes passed at the regular trot of the horses and cast on the depths of the wood a broad moving band, like a ray fallen from the sky, which followed the curves of the road. The sheen of sunshades shone like metal moons."

Change horse-carriages for silent and elegant motor cars, and the picture would not be wrong in the early summer of 1920.

At the end of the Allée de Longchamp is the waterfall known as La Cascade. A fine view of the country round the Seine, including St. Cloud and Suresnes, can be had from the path above this waterfall.

In front is the Longchamp race course. The windmill is all that remains of the famous Abbey of Longchamp, founded by Isabelle, sister of St. Louis, in 1256.

Races were organized under Louis Philippe in the Bois. The Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Nemours, Lord Seymour, Duc de FitzJames used to lay small wagers, such as bottles of champagne, as M. Georges Cain reminds us, on the performances of their horses, and gradually the races became a Parisian "event." The Jockey Club was then only in its infancy. The most famous race contested at Longchamp is the Grand Prix, run on a Sunday at the end of June and worth

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300,000 francs; and the sight of the hundreds of thousands of Parisians who attend this "classic" event wending their way there in cabs, carts, omnibuses, or by any other method that may present itself, is a sight not easily forgotten. Grand Prix Day for many years was a perfect bacchanalia, and wonderful stories have been told of the Lucullan feasts given in the evening by lucky winners or fortunate owners.

The restaurants in the Bois are inclined to be dear, to say the least of it, but one always gets the best. The Armenonville is a favorite with foreigners as well as wealthy Parisians. The Pré-Catelan is so-called after a famous troubadour, Catelan, who was assassinated here in the days of Philippe le Bel. Though one does not go any more to drink warm milk fresh from the cow at the Pré-Catelan farm, the place is always crowded on fine days for afternoon tea. There is an open-air theater, where performances take place in summer.

But on fine Sundays, during most of the year, the Bois de Boulogne is all a big restaurant, or picnicking place, whole families bringing their bags or baskets of provisions, with bread and wine (which is put in the earth to keep cool), and games or books, and camping there most of the day, in improvised "salons" under the canopy of green leaves.

The part of the Bois on the Neuilly side is known as Madrid, a château of this name having been built here by Francis I. It was latterly a hotel and res-

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taurânt, but has now been turned to other uses. A visit should be made to Bagatelle, on the route to Neuilly, a charming miniature château, built in one month by the Comte d'Artois as the result of a wager made with Queen Marie Antoinette, and hence called "Folie Bagatelle." In later years it belonged to Sir Richard Wallace, who added to it, especially the kitchens and domestic apartments, which are placed in raised mounds on either side of the main building. On his death it was left to the municipality, the Wallace collection of pictures, largely of the French school, being left to London. Picture and other exhibitions take place in the château from time to time, and flower shows in the gardens, the display of roses and sweet peas each year being noted.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation, or Zoölogical Gardens, should be visited. There is an interesting collection of animals, the chief idea of the gardens being to acclimatize useful animals and plants. A little tramway runs to the gardens through the Bois from the Porte Maillot.

Boating is to be had on the two fine lakes—the Lac Supérieur and the Lac Inférieur, while there are sports grounds, where tennis, polo and other sports are practiced.

One should finish one's visit to the Bois at the pretty little race course of Anteuil, famous for its steeplechasing and hurdle-racing. Some forty race meetings are held here annually, the most famous race being the Grand Steeplechase de Paris.

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If one has been walking one can now with advantage return to town by leaving the Bois close to the Auteuil race course and taking the tram (No. 16) back to the Madeleine Church. If, however, you are on the other side of the Bois, you will find it best to take the Metropolitan railway at the Porte Dauphine, just outside the principal gate.

CHAPTER XI

THE STOMACH OF PARIS—THE CENTRAL MARKETS, ST. EUSTACHE, MEMORIES OF THE PAST

WHAT Emile Zola called the “*Ventre de Paris*” is one of the most interesting and instructive quarters of the great city. Round the Halles Centrales (or Central Markets) is a perfect town and a huge population devoted to the feeding of Paris, for besides the markets themselves whole streets surrounding them are given up, some to fish, or “*langoustes*,” some to fruit, others to meat, cheese, and so on.

A good center from which to start to see all this is again the Châtelet (with its station of the underground railway); we cross the Rue de Rivoli and proceed down the Rue St. Denis (which in the middle ages was the longest, handsomest and richest street in Paris), until we come to the Halles Centrales. These markets, built in 1851, occupy twenty-two acres of ground and have under them twelve thousand storage cellars. It is especially interesting to visit these immense provision stores at about five o'clock on a summer's morning. All night long lines of carts full of market garden produce and other foodstuffs have been wending their way through the silent streets of the city toward the Halles, and it

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is surprising what immense preparations are needed for the feeding of a big city like this.

A favorite pastime of people who have had a "night out" at Montmartre used to be to finish up at the markets, to witness a life so different from their own, watching the porters and fishwives at their labors. The fashion on these occasions was to indulge in food and drink (onion soup is a great favorite) at one of the somewhat rough-looking restaurants surrounding the market, among honest market people, "cochers de fiacre," and shady characters;—and fancy stories are often told of the desperate characters with whom elegantly dressed "mondaines" have rubbed shoulders in the presumed "thieves' kitchens" on these thrilling occasions! It can be made amusing once or twice in a long while, if one is in gay company and brings one's carriage back filled with fruit and flowers; but as for the desperate characters, we may be sure the police know where they are as well as we do. The "forts des Halles," or "strong men" of the Halles, with their immense hats, are picturesque figures.

Sunday morning is another interesting time to visit the Halles, and it is curious how picturesque the handling of large masses of provisions can be. Many and many a housewife comes to the Central Markets to do her modest shopping and get what is to be had cheap after the big purveyors and restaurateurs have made their choice. Economy is the watchword

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of the French cuisine, and the small purse is as well looked after here as the more elastic one. The French "*ménagère*," too, likes to buy her bit of vegetable fresh each day, rather than lay in a stock.

An equally important reason for visiting this neighborhood is the Church of St. Eustache—a "vision never likely to be forgotten," as one writer on Paris says, and certainly there is but one St. Eustache in the world, as many have remarked when first beholding it. St. Eustache, or Eustace, is the Saint who, as a Roman soldier, saw a vision of Christ between the horns of the stag that he was hunting, and so was converted to the faith. St. Eustache, with its wonderful pillars—it is the largest church in Paris after the Cathedral—and the swell of its mighty organ tones, is surely calculated to arouse devotion where none existed before, for its very pillars seem to soar into infinitude. It was begun in 1532, but not consecrated until 1637, and its particular fascination doubtless arises from the extraordinary and vigorous combination of the Gothic and Renaissance styles. An earlier church on the spot was dedicated to St. Agnes, and her tradition haunts the place. Note the enormous size of the interior and its perfect proportions. Note also that this is the great musical church of Paris, and that there is a chapel to St. Cecilia, the patroness of music and the inventress of the organ. There is a statue to Pope Alexander I, who first sanctioned the use of holy

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water; look at the baffled demons on the base of the statue, fleeing from the holy water.¹

In the neighboring Rue de la Ferronnerie it is interesting to notice a tablet recording that in this street Henri IV was assassinated by Ravaillac. The Rue Quincampoix is a very old street, in which Law, the Controller-General of Finance, though a Scotsman, in the eighteenth century established his bank and promoted his company of the Indies, which ruined so many.

Let us cross the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau to the Rue Etienne Marcel. Near to the little Rue Française there are some iron railings, behind which is a grim rectangular tower. This tower is known as the Tour de Jean-sans-Peur (Tower of Fearless John). It is all that remains of the famous Hôtel de Bourgogne, built in the thirteenth century, this fearless John having added his tower in 1405. A fortress in the first place, in the game of rivalry between the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, the Hô-

¹ An excellent guide for those who wish to study the Paris churches in detail is the charming book of Mrs. Sophia Beale, *The Churches of Paris*. She gives exact architectural descriptions, and tells us all the histories of the churches and all the legends of the Saints (as, for example, at St. Eustache, the legends of the hunter saint, and the maiden St. Agnes). Grant Allen's book on Paris devotes long and loving details to the picture galleries, particularly the Louvre, but as to many other points he says, "You will get all you want from Baedeker"—which, of course, is no longer the case, if, indeed, it ever was. The serious student of the antiquities of Paris can be recommended to the books of M. Georges Cain, of which there is a longish series, as also to the works of Rochede, Robida and others. But the history of Paris is contained in many books, from Michelet and Carlyle to Victor Hugo and Huysmans.

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tel de Bourgogne afterwards became a theater of Passion plays, and then of "profane" plays. Some of Corneille's and Racine's masterpieces were produced here.

Let us now follow the Rue Etienne Marcel, on the right from the old tower, till we come to the Rue du Montorgueil. Look for No. 72 or No. 64. Both will lead to the same old courtyard—that of the once celebrated inn of the "Compas d'Or." For nearly four centuries this has been an inn, though now fallen from its high estate, and the vast timber-shed was a shelter for coaches. There is a haunting charm about the old place, as with a little imagination and some knowledge of Victor Hugo and Dumas one can evoke a picture of the fussy departure of the team of Normandy horses over the rutty roads of eighteenth century France, or their clattering and no less fussy arrival in the dark hours of a winter's morning.

From the Rue du Montorgueil we pass through the curiously named Rue des Petits-Carreaux, to the Rue Réaumur. Turning to the right, we come opposite to a narrow little passage which leads into a courtyard called the "Cour des Miracles"—a no man's land of ages ago. Victor Hugo, in his *Notre Dame de Paris* describes it in the middle ages as a noisome lair of mendicants and rogues—a haunt of debauchery and vagabondage, where cripples were "manufactured" for begging purposes and "coups" were planned on the peaceful inhabitants of Paris.

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In those times it was a somewhat secluded spot, not as now in the center of a busy industrial quarter, and it was the scene of orgies of the worst description. Not until the eighteenth century was this plague spot eradicated.

Issuing through the Rue Damiette and the Place and Rue du Caire, we come to the fine broad Boulevard du Sébastopol. In front are the Gaieté Theatre and the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers (Conservatory of Arts and Crafts). Entering the courtyard we shall see a remarkable Gothic building, which was once the refectory of the monks of St. Martin-des-Champs, now used as a public library and reading room. The Monastery was suppressed at the Revolution, and has been turned into this institution for technical education. An interesting museum of technical appliances, models, minerals, fabrics and relics is contained in this building, which is also the patents office. Close by here, at the corner of the Rue Réaumur, is another fine church—St. Nicolas-des-Champs (note how the population in olden days always distinguished between their monuments in town and those outside). The church dates from 1420, but it was enlarged in the sixteenth century.

Let us turn back down the Rue St. Denis and follow it until we come to the Square des Innocents, recognized by its well-known fountain, three sides of which are embellished by that great sculptor, Jean de Goujon. The fountain once stood against the

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Church of the Innocents, which was demolished in the eighteenth century; hence only three of the sides are decorated by Goujon, another sculptor having been found to finish the work when the structure was moved here. The square of the Innocents was once the cemetery in which for some six hundred years the population of Paris was buried. The bodies of the poor were put together in enormous subterranean pits. "Each pit," writes M. Georges Cain, "would contain as many as fifteen hundred bodies." They were reached by deep shafts, closed by planks. Two or three of such pits were always open. The good La Fontaine was buried here on Thursday, April 14, 1695. It was only in 1780 that the place was closed for burials, in consequence of the danger to public health. Some of the old shops on the south side of the square are the ancient charnel houses, and there are some gruesome stories told of this old place. The bones removed from the cemetery were taken away and placed in some dis-used quarries on the other side of the river, thus forming what is known as the catacombs.

But we have come back to where we started—to the center of the bustle and activity.

CHAPTER XII

PARIS IN DANGER

PARIS was twice menaced by the invaders during the war—in 1914 and 1918, and both times the city was saved through the stand made by the Allied troops in and around the Marne. In September, 1914, the Germans had reached Senlis and Chantilly—at the gates of Paris. They were dropping leaflets from Taube aëroplanes announcing that Paris would soon be taken. They were also dropping bombs—small, vicious little bombs, which were not so murderous as those that followed, but which nevertheless did great damage, injuring children and others. There was very little resistance to them in those days, and people sitting in the cafés or walking about the boulevards on those summer evenings could watch them flying over the city and wonder when the gray-coated legions of the barbaric Kaiser would be in the capital.

Defenses were put up at the gates of Paris and around the fortifications, but we learned almost immediately afterwards, from the experiences of Antwerp, Liége and Maubeuge, that they would have been of very little avail against the terrible artillery that the Germans were using.

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People began to leave Paris in hundreds of thousands, passing days in the train, or in any conveyance they could find—or even on foot—pouring to the south, the southwest, or to England and America. But other thousands came into the city—refugees and others (though most of these were sent to other parts of the country), so greatly increasing the difficulties of transport at a time when most of the trains and roads were encumbered with the movements of the military.

It took days sometimes before people could find room in the trains, and the stations and offices were besieged by eager excited crowds demanding help, information or privileges. The foreign consuls and embassies were also thronged with those asking for protection, for help to get out of the country, and so on. Ambassador Herrick, who had turned his home in the Rue François-Premier into a depot of the American Clearing House, was a very pillar of strength and comfort for his fellow countrymen and women. He advised all who could and had nothing particularly to do here to leave France; for those who had to remain he had posters printed in French and German to affix on the premises of neutrals.

The Government and the Presidency left Paris for Bordeaux, which was to be the capital of the Republic, as it had been in 1870-1871. The great offices of State, Parliament, the Embassies and consulates of belligerents, banks and other important establishments all went to the second city in France.

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Paris was now an "entrenched camp," under the Military Governor, in whom all power was vested, and was to be defended against the invader. The President and Government issued proclamations to the inhabitants before leaving.

The rush out of the city became a stampede. People fought not only for places in the trains but for places in the long lines waiting at the ticket offices. Porters were not available, cabs and "taxis" were rare indeed, and whole families had to carry their own baggage long distances to the stations. Escape by private cars was stopped by the military authorities; the cars were wanted for other purposes. Traveling was terrible. It took twenty-four hours to make the journey to Bordeaux, which in normal times was done in seven. Those who went farther south spent days in the train. People died in the trains—children and the old or weak—through suspense, fright or fatigue. Refugees and members of big families sometimes lost each other, and it took months of work on the part of big organizations to bring them together again.

But, on the other hand, never was food so plentiful, cheap or good as in those days. The population of Paris being gone, and transport difficult, or practically impossible, the country people in the north-east hurried their produce to market; delicious fruit was not kept back, as often happens, and poultry were killed off when young and succulent to avoid their falling into the hands of the advancing armies.

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All fashionable Paris, as well as all official Paris, was at Bordeaux. Never was there such an extraordinary provincial city as Bordeaux was that autumn. The capital was wonderfully quiet, more than two thirds of its ordinary inhabitants having left, as well as foreigners and the extra population brought by the war. Cafés and shops were closed by the hundreds. For those who remained behind whole quarters of Paris were like a city of the dead.

Still, the enemy did not reach Paris. The great city was saved almost by a miracle—the miracle of the Battle of the Marne, organized by Joffre and Galliéni, the famous Military Governor of Paris, who invented the remarkable expedient of rushing reinforcements up to the front in Paris taxicabs. The Battle of the Marne was won by the French, aided by the British. It should logically have been the end of the war, for the Germans were beaten on the Marne, and their chances were never again as good as in that first rush.

Four years passed—four years of battling and bloodshed, and history repeated itself. It was the summer of 1918. During these four years the capital had been the chief object of the enemy's thrusts, but she had not again been seriously menaced. In the summer of 1918 the Germans made another supreme effort.

For months Paris had been bombarded—during the day by the long-range guns; at night by Gothas and other murderous aëroplanes, which drove Paris

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to the collars. Much damage was wrought and war insurance companies were doing big business. The city was greatly damaged during that spring and autumn. One shudders to think what might have happened had the enemy been able to get nearer and make even more determined attacks on the city, as they threatened to do. As it was, shells and bombs fell in the very heart of Paris—there was not a quarter and scarcely a street that escaped.

Then the great German offensive began—the offensive of despair, that was to be their last effort. To those in the city the enemy seemed as formidable as ever. Every one knew what they had done and could still do. At any rate, they were again rushing on to the capital, and towns which had been recaptured had again fallen to the enemy. Once more the capital was in great danger, and once more it began to empty.

Still Paris was pretty full on the fourteenth of July, when there was a wonderful procession of French and Allied troops through the streets of the city—men who had come from the battles that were raging so near—and were going back to them.

In those July days the guns could be heard again growling, roaring, echoing all through the night—several nights, as they had done in 1914. One night the guns were louder than ever, and one or two days of suspense followed, as one waited for what was going to happen.

This was the offensive of Marshal Foch, which

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lasted for some anxious weeks. Paris was confident, and at last the victory came, and Paris smiled again.

On the eleventh of November, 1918, the guns from the forts announced the signing of the armistice, which was the virtual peace. "Issue from your proud reserve, citizens of Paris," said a manifesto of the Paris municipality, "and come into the streets to rejoice."

For months after that the Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde were lined with captured German guns, tanks, and aëroplanes.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PARIS HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

A FEW lines about the former homes of famous Americans will aid the tripper in his sight-seeing in the city.

Thomas Jefferson, who left Boston for Paris in July, 1784, took apartments in what was then called the Cul-de-Sac Têtebout, now the Rue Taitbout, off the Boulevard des Italiens. His home became the resort of French officers who had fought in the American Revolution.

Benjamin Franklin first stayed at the Hôtel Hambourg, in the Rue de l'Université. Later he removed to the Rue Grande Verte, now Rue de Penthièvre, off Faubourg St. Honoré. From 1777 to 1785 he resided at the corner of the Rue Singer and Rue Raynouard, Passy. The house is now a school, and there is a tablet on the wall to record the philosopher's connection with it.

General Lafayette died in 1834 at a house which is now No. 8 Rue d'Anjou (see tablet on wall). He lies buried in Picpus Cemetery.

Paul Jones lived in the Rue Vivienne, where Jefferson, when Minister to France, visited him. Later

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he lived at No. 40 Rue de Tournon, near the Luxembourg. The house (No. 19) still stands.

Count Rumford spent the last ten years of his life at Auteuil—No. 59 Rue d'Auteuil, which he bought from Mme. Helvetius, the friend and frequent hostess of Dr. Franklin. He died there in August, 1814.

Longfellow, during his stay in Paris as a student, lived at No. 49 Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, in the Latin Quarter. He spent a month at Auteuil.

William Morris Hunt, the painter had a studio at No. 3 Rue Pigalle, Montmartre, in the "fifties."

Margaret Fuller stayed at the Hôtel Rougemont, Boulevard Poissonnière.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens had a studio in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and lived in the Boulevard Pereire. In 1897 he had a studio at No. 3 Rue de Bagneux.

John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," at No. 156 Galerie des Bons-Enfants, Palais Royal, in 1823. He also lived at No. 89 Rue Richelieu.

James McNeil Whistler had a studio at Rue Notre Dame des Champs; later (1861-1862) on the Boulevard des Batignolles. In 1892 he settled at No. 110 Rue du Bac.

Dr. Evans's house, to which the fugitive Empress Eugénie went, was at the corner of the Bois de Boulogne and Avenue Malakoff; it no longer exists.

President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, during their stay in Paris for the sittings of the Peace Commis-

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sion, occupied Prince Murat's house, placed at their disposal by the French Government, in the Rue Monceau, opposite the gate of the Park. On their return, after a visit home, they occupied the house of the well-known dramatist, Francis de Croisset, No. 11 Place des Etats-Unis. The Hotel Crillon, Place de la Concorde, was the headquarters of the American Peace delegation. At No. 78 Rue de l'Université the many conferences took place between Colonel House, Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau.

General Pershing's headquarters were for a time at No. 45 Avenue Montaigne; his private residence was at Cours-la-Reine.

CHAPTER XIV

PARIS BEYOND THE WALLS

THERE are many delightful excursions at a little distance from Paris, but within easy reach by train, tramway or other means.

VINCENNES can be reached by train from the Place de la Bastille or by tramway from the Louvre. It is the most popular park near Paris after the Bois de Boulogne, being easy of access for the large working class population living on this side of the city. The park has twenty-three hundred acres. In the thirteenth century it was a wild forest, used by Louis IX and his favorites for hunting. The race course near the Bois is the largest in the Paris region. The château, which in the twelfth century was a royal residence, is now an artillery depot, and in its courtyard military executions still take place. The Duc d'Enghien was executed there in 1804.

LA MALMAISON can best be reached by the tramway from the Porte Maillot to St. Germain, which stops at Reuil or Malmaison. The charming little château of La Malmaison was the favorite residence of Napoleon. Josephine resided here after her divorce until her death in 1814. Napoleon made it his

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headquarters for a short while after the Battle of Waterloo, but left it on the approach of the Prussian troops. The château was bought by a wealthy connoisseur, M. Osiris, who installed the Napoleonic Museum, and presented some years ago to the nation, and an attempt has been made to restore the interior to the condition in which it was when the poor fallen Empress lived there. Many relics which had left the country have been brought back, and there is a pleasant day in store for the admirer of Napoleon who can spare time to visit it, or even for the mere lover of the atmosphere of a dignified and picturesque past. Josephine lies in the neighboring church of Rueil, with her daughter, Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III.

MARLY-LE-ROI, further on the same line (about sixteen miles from Paris), on an elevated position on the south bank of the Seine, is an old royal residence, Louis XIV having had a château here which was destroyed in the Revolution. The ruins and the park are interesting, as is the huge "Abreuvoir," or watering-place for the horses. There are fine walks in the forest. This is now the shooting preserves of the President of the Republic. Near by is the aqueduct built under Louis XIV to convey to Versailles the water raised by the hydraulic machine at Marly.

ST. DENIS should certainly be seen. Formerly the burial place of the Kings of France, it is now a busy manufacturing suburb five miles from Paris.

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(Take train from the Gare du Nord. The tramways from Trinity Church or the Madeleine are convenient, but take a long time.)

The Cathedral is the great object of interest. In 275 A. D. a chapel is supposed to have been erected here over the grave of St. Dionysius or St. Denis, the first Bishop of Paris. There was a basilica on the spot in the seventh century, which was replaced in 1140 by the present Cathedral, which was restored in 1230 in the pure Gothic style. Almost entirely ruined during the Revolution, it was again restored by that restorer-at-large of medieval art, Viollet-le-Duc.

The Westminster Abbey of France, probably no spot contains so many souvenirs of royalty and chivalry. In the twelfth century Louis VI hung up his oriflamme banner, the standard of St. Denis; in the fifteenth century Joan of Arc hung her banner in the Cathedral. Henri IV adjured Protestantism, and Napoleon and Marie Louise were married at St. Denis. During the Revolution the wall of the crypt was broken down, and the remains of the kings, from Dagobert to Louis XV (covering a period of eleven centuries) were taken out and thrown into a pit dug near by. The remains were replaced by Louis XVIII in 1817, and the remains of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were also transferred hither from the Madeleine Cemetery. Much has been done by devoted antiquarians to restore the Cathedral and the tombs to what they once were, and

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it is a wonderful object lesson in French history, as well as ecclesiastical history. There are tombs of Dagobert I (died 638), the founder of the Abbey, whose soul, as the legend pictured on his tomb relates, was stolen by demons and afterwards rescued by St. Denis (the tomb was probably erected as a sort of shrine by St. Louis); of Louis XII and his spouse; of Henri II and his Queen, Catherine de Medici; of Queen Frédégonde, of the children of St. Louis, and a very elaborate one of Francis I, that magnificent Monarch of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, who brought the Renaissance from Italy.

During the war St. Denis was a center of war manufactures, guns, ammunition, cars and tanks being made here. Consequently it suffered severely at the hands of the enemy both from air raids and the long-range gun.

ST. CLOUD is a beautiful suburb to the west of Paris, overlooking the Seine and the Bois de Boulogne. (Trains from St. Lazare station; trams from the Louvre or the Porte Maillot.) A palace erected here in 1572 was bought by Louis XIV and rebuilt. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette inhabited it, and in one of the rooms Napoleon proclaimed himself First Consul, after dispersing the assembly of five hundred. Blücher established his headquarters at St. Cloud in 1815, and the capitulation of Paris was signed here. Later it was the residence of Napoleon III. During the War of 1870-1871 after being bombarded from Mont Valérien, St. Cloud was occupied

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by the Prussians, the château, barracks, and part of the town having been burned down in October, 1870. The fine old park is now one of the favorite holiday resorts of Parisians; it contains nearly one thousand acres. From the top of the plateau, called the "Lanterne," there is a magnificent panoramic view of Paris, and the fountains which play on two Sundays per month in summer, are a great attraction.

One of the pleasantest ways of coming down here used to be by the little boats ("bateaux mouches") on the Seine, but at the time of writing this service has for some time been suspended.

A charming walk through St. Cloud park takes one to SÈVRES, at the entrance to the park. Here is the celebrated porcelain manufactory. It has been Government property since 1759, when it was purchased to encourage ceramic art in France. The museum contains a fine collection of Medieval and Renaissance porcelain, works by Palissy, the great potter, and Italian and Oriental ware.

MAISONS-LAFFITTE (about ten miles from Paris) is a favorite summer residence of Parisians. The seventeenth century château was once the property of Comte d'Artois (Charles X); the property of the State, it is now a museum of decorative art. The former grounds are cut up into summer villas for Parisians. Near the Seine is the race course, where many important flat races are held. There is an important horse-training center, with quite an Anglo-American colony.

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ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, a royal borough, where a royal palace has existed from very early times. The chapel and château were originally built by Louis, son of Charlemagne. Francis I rebuilt and enlarged the château. Louis XIV was born here (1638), and another reason for the little town's having a sense of pride is the fact that Alexandre Dumas wrote the *Three Musketeers* here at the Hotel of the Pavillon Henri IV, on the edge of the cliff (all that remains of Henri II's château). The Museum in the palace contains a very valuable pre-historic and archæological collection.

When James II of England was exiled, Louis XIV, who had removed the Court to Versailles, gave the St. Germain Palace to the English King, and he died there in 1701 and was buried in the church (step in and see the tomb, erected by George IV).

Napoleon established a school of cavalry here, which is now the museum. St. Germain is particularly favored as a holiday resort by Parisians on account of the famous terrace, with a view extending across many miles, and the forest, extending to the quaint little town of Poissy, where St. Louis was born in 1226.

VERSAILLES is reached by trains from the stations of St. Lazare or the Invalides; by trams from the Louvre or the Place de la Concorde. Motors usually go through the park of St. Cloud, and it is an agreeable drive.

Versailles and its wonderful park constitute the

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most splendid ex-royal residence in the world. There had been a hunting lodge here used by Louis XIII. This Palace had much to do with the outbreak of the Revolution; or at any rate, if nothing could have prevented that cataclysm, the extravagance of the Court, leading to onerous taxation, heaped the fuel on the fire which finally led to the conflagration. Built and first inhabited by the Roi Soleil ("the Sun King"), its historic associations cover a period of over two hundred and twenty-five years. Over 1,000,000,000 francs are said to have been spent on the construction of the Palace and park, to say nothing of its upkeep, while thirty thousand men and sixty thousand horses were engaged in leveling the terraces of the garden and making a road to Paris. The Palace was made the permanent residence of the Court by Louis XIV in 1682—it had up till then been at St. Germain. It supported the magnificence of the Pompadours and Dubarrys and their satellites for a century. One fine day the Palace was wrecked by the market women of Paris, and Royalty left it in haste. Napoleon I found it too expensive to repair, but Louis Philippe restored the building and founded the historical picture gallery and museum, the idea being that it should be a collection illustrative of the "glories of France." That Monarch spent a further 15,000,000 francs on the scheme.

In 1870 it was the headquarters of the Prussians (who used part of it as a hospital), and William I

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was proclaimed here Emperor of Germany. The surrender of Paris was arranged at the Château, and the Government kept its headquarters here until 1879. In one of the great halls the National Assembly, consisting of members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, meet to elect the President of the Republic.

In 1783 was signed at the Palace the Treaty terminating the American Revolution, while in 1919 was signed between the Allies and the Germans the Treaty terminating the War of 1914-18, which—one hopes—swept the Hohenzollerns from the face of Europe and returned to France the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which had been torn from her in 1871. It is not the least important event in the history of Versailles Palace.

Versailles is in truth a wonderful museum of French history, more especially of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, though one must remember that what it chiefly illustrates are the formalism and the artificiality of French court life—the age of artificial nature, formal art, and women given over to powder and patches and affectation. Those who visit the Palace in detail (and one ought to do so) will consult detailed guide books, and there is ample to see—the King's and Queen's apartments, where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette lived in their artificial splendor, whence later they cowered as they watched the growing rage of the Revolutionary mob, and whence finally they were taken away

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by the "Tricoteuses"; the magnificent Galerie des Glaces, one of the finest rooms in existence (two hundred and forty feet long, having seventeen windows looking out on the garden), with ceilings painted by Lebrun illustrative of the victories of Louis XIV, which was once the ballroom; the hall, where there take place the meetings of the National Assembly, and many others, besides the splendid gardens, park and lakes which still exist as they were laid out by Lenôtre.¹ The best view is obtained from the top of the terrace at the rear of the Palace. The playing of the fountains, which takes place only once a month in summer, is a gorgeous spectacle which attracts thousands of sight-seers.

Magnificent as the Palace of Versailles is, and beautiful as is the park, one can have but a very faint conception of the splendor of the place under Louis XIV. Half the kingdom must have been in the service of the Royal family in some capacity or other. In the "Almanach Royal" nine hundred secretaries of the King were mentioned, and these gilded halls must have been a very hotbed of intrigue.

The etiquette that surrounded the Kings of France was something sacred and terrible, but also ridiculous and cruel. There was a different standard of etiquette for each one of the royal residences

¹ M. de Nolhac, for many years the curator of Versailles, is also one of the most learned and gifted historians of the Palace and its epoch.

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—Marly, Trianon, Compiègne; at Versailles it was more formidable than anywhere else. All this ceremonial was set up by the nobility in order to insure their own privileges and rights. Though the King might infringe the laws, he dared not disregard the etiquette to which he was a slave. One of the greatest days in the life of the Duc du Maine was when by royal decree he was accorded the privilege (in 1723) of taking the royal shirt from the Grand Chamberlain at the royal levée and passing it to the King! This privilege was reserved for Princes of the blood royal. Marshal de Richelieu could hand a “robe de chambre” or hat. There was a whole ceremonial for the royal repasts, and it was a less serious matter that the King should go without his “bouillon” than that it should be served by some one who was not entitled to present it. When the country was sunk in misery and seething with revolution, poor foolish Louis asked his counselors if nothing could be done, and they told him nothing mattered except his Majesty’s importance and comfort.

North of the Grand Canal is an enclosure containing the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon.

The pretty villa known as the Grand Trianon was built by order of Louis XIV for Mme. de Maintenon. Mansart, the great architect, was the author of this as of the Palace and Chapel of Versailles, the dome of the Invalides and other great buildings. The Grand Trianon contains some interesting curi-

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osities, and in a building beside it is a collection of State vehicles and saddlery, for those who are interested in such things. The Petit Trianon was built for Mme. du Barry by the architect of Louis XV. It seemed a long way in those days from the Trianons to the guillotine on the Place Concorde! Marie Antoinette afterwards occupied the Petit Trianon and had the gardens laid out in English style with an artificial lake. The "Hameau," close by, is a collection of small rustic cottages which Marie Antoinette had built as a plaything, and here she and her ladies and gallants prettily played at being peasants and milkmaids (in powder and patches). It was another version of the fiddling of Nero!

Plenty of time, it will be seen, must be given to the visit to Versailles.

FONTAINEBLEAU constitutes one of the most interesting excursions out of Paris (about thirty-seven miles, from Gare de Lyon). The forest of Fontainebleau is one of the finest and largest in France, being nearly fifty miles in circumference. It has always been a haunt of painters, some of whom are famous in French art. The village of Barbizon in the forest has been a home of artists since the days of Millet, Rousseau, and others, who made it famous, but there are many other homes of artists, French and foreign, in the small villages around the forest.

The Palace of Fontainebleau is chiefly associated with the name of Francis I and what he did for French art. Though it was a fort as far back as

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the twelfth century, Francis built most of the present edifice, Henri IV adding a certain portion. Fontainebleau was the favorite summer residence of Napoleon, and a number of outstanding royal events have taken place here—Louis XIII was born, Louis XV married, Napoleon III baptized, and the Duc d'Orleans married in 1837. The visitor is shown the hall where Napoleon wrote his abdication before leaving for Elba and the Cour des Adieux, where he bade farewell to the Grenadier Guards before leaving. On the same spot, eleven months later, he reviewed the same troops, after his escape and before marching on to Paris. One also sees the apartments of Mme. de Maintenon, Marie Antoinette, Catherine de Medici, Anne of Austria and Pope Pius VII, occupied by him when he was a prisoner in France. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed here, as was the decree of the Empress Josephine's divorce. There are wonderful treasures in Gobelin tapestry, Sèvres porcelain, and other works of art. There is a good golf links at Fontainebleau.

CHANTILLY, another charming little town and favorite resort of the Parisians, played a certain rôle during the war. The Germans entered Chantilly on September 3, 1914, and occupied it for several days. The troops were garrisoned in the larger château and the officers in the smaller, but they did no damage. All the treasures had already been moved to a place of safety. The mayor was arrested as a hostage, but was unharmed. After the Battle of the Marne, Gen-

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eral (now Marshal) Joffre, Generalissimo of the Forces, made his headquarters at Chantilly. He occupied a house on the Boulevard d'Aumale, while the huge staff was quartered in the Hôtel du Grand-Condé. Chantilly remained the headquarters of the Grand Staff until 1916, and reviews and military parade took place on the race course.

Chantilly is twenty-five miles from Paris on the Northern Railway (Gare du Nord). It is an important racing center, and the best training quarters in France, there being quite an English colony engaged in training. The French "Oaks" and the Prix du Jockey Club are run here. There is an eighteen-hole golf course near the town.

Chantilly was famous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as the residence of the Condé family. The monumental stables of the Condés, close to the Château, had accommodation for two hundred and sixty horses.

The Château was at the end of the eighteenth century one of the most beautiful in Europe, but it was destroyed during the Revolution. The present Château was built by the Duc d'Aumale, son of King Louis Philippe (1876-1882), after his return from exile; upon his death he bequeathed it to the French nation, it being placed in trust with the Institut de France along with the magnificent artistic and historical collections, which he had begun during his exile in England from 1848 to 1871. This collection includes the exquisite "Orleans Virgin" of Ra-

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phael and "The Three Graces," a panel of Raphael, and forty priceless miniatures of the "Hours" by the great French master, Jehan Fouquet. The small Pavillon d'Enghien was built by the Condés for their guests, being named after the young Duke d'Enghien, who was born here (and was afterwards shot by Napoleon in 1804). The park was laid out by Lenôtre in the same style as the gardens of Versailles; the forest covers over six thousand acres.

CHAPTER XV

EXCURSIONS TO THE BATTLEFIELDS

THE French and Belgian battlefields of the Great War are in most cases easily visited from Paris. A good deal can be seen in one day, by leaving Paris in the morning and returning in the evening. In other cases, it is advisable, for various reasons, to spend a night away and go to particular regions the next day. These excursions can be made by motor-car, or by train, but the train is still usually the most convenient method, on account of the bad roads. The hotel accommodation in the devastated regions is still not very high-class, though excellent meals on French lines can be had nearly everywhere.

The tourist agencies have mapped out the devastated regions to correspond with the different battlefields and to enable tourists to see the utmost in the minimum of time and with the least inconvenience. Visitors cannot do better, in most cases, than follow the plan of their tours. The Northern and Eastern of France Railways also run excursions to the principal centers, enabling visitors to see the chief cities which were in the "mêlée" and the battlefields around them.

CHÂTEAU-THIERRY is on the East of France Rail-

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way (Gare de l'Est), via Meaux, and the scenes of the first Battle of the Marne. Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood can easily be visited in one day and a return to Paris be made by dinner-time. Lunch-eon is taken at Château-Thierry, after which the Wood is visited by motor-car or omnibus.

Château-Thierry is a little town on the Marne (about eight thousand inhabitants in 1914), which has always been a kind of citadel on the road to Paris, protecting it. There is a ruined château, which is supposed to have been originally built for Charles Martel. The town is especially famous as the birthplace of La Fontaine, the famous writer of fables. His house, which still stands and was a library and museum, was used as a dugout by the German officers. The chief square at Château-Thierry is now known as the Place des Etats-Unis, in honor of the great stand made by the Americans.

It was at the end of May and in the first days of June, 1918, that the American machine-gunners made their great stand in the streets of Château-Thierry, which was the center of a great battle. The German offensive had begun a few days before the end of May, had easily smashed through the thinly held line, and was pushing forward (for the second time) for the Marne. Then the Americans made their dramatic entry into the war, the Second and Third Divisions being sent forward to help, ill-trained and ill-equipped though they were. The two bridges of Château-Thierry were for four days and

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nights raked by fire from seventeen machine guns in the doors and windows of a row of houses on the river bank. One of the bridges was completely demolished, being blown up as a party of Germans, who had pushed forward, had reached the middle of it. The American gunners made a methodical retreat and installed themselves on the other side of the Marne in positions which enabled them to support the French Colonial troops as they fell back. West of Château-Thierry is a little village, Vaux, about two miles off, which, when the Germans were in possession, was torn to pieces by American shells. A short distance away is Belleau Woods, en route to which is a large American cemetery, and the destroyed villages of St. Martin and Vincelles. Belleau Wood has been called the Wood of the American Marine Brigade. All through June the marines fought savagely for its possession. Belleau Wood is blackened and broken, but there is less evidence of the struggle here than there is in many other woods on the front.

The Third American Division followed the enemy as far as Cierges after he had been pushed back by Foch's offensive. The Second Division fought for over twenty-four hours in July between Soissons and Château-Thierry.

MEAUX, about eighty miles from Paris, and half-way between the capital and Château-Thierry, is the center of the famous Battle of the Marne. It was occupied by invading armies in 1814 and again in

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1870. In 1914 German patrols went through it, but had not much time to do great damage. The retreating British troops on September 2 and September 3 blew up the bridge ("Le Pont du Marché") and sank the floating baths. The Battle of the Marne of September, 1914, has been celebrated every year since by a sort of official pilgrimage to Meaux, the cemetery of Chambry and the battlefield.

The Battle of the Marne began on September 5, when General Joffre considered the moment had arrived to carry out a maneuver he had been planning since the first check to the French, to make a counter offensive, and push the Germans back over a line stretching for one hundred and twenty-five miles, from Clermont, northwest of Senlis, to Chalons, Ste. Menchould and nearly to Verdun. Patrols of the German army were in these days seen eight miles from the gates of Paris. On September 3, the German right wing began to move in a southeasterly direction, and the army of Von Kluck passed the Marne between Château-Thierry and Meaux. The left wing of the main French army, which had fallen back on the east of Paris, was held by the British, and between it and the *falaise* of Champagne was the Fifth French army.

So on September 5, the Sixth French army of General Maunoury, which had been protecting Paris, began to cross the Ourcq behind Von Kluck's army, on a front running north and south, instead of east to west. The right of this Sixth Army fell on the

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enemy's Fourth Reserve Corps a little to the north of Meux. The German general saw the danger, and instead of continuing to the southeast, he turned the greater portion of his forces around and recrossed the Marne and the Ourcq, so that the objectives planned for the Sixth French army were not attained. The left wing of this army was attacked by Von Kluck's troops, and it was to them that the reinforcements were rushed from Paris in motor-cabs. The French and British (who were fighting in the Wood of Meaux) suffered a great deal on September 6 and 7 from the heavy German artillery, which they had then nothing to match in power and range. The French advance was resisted by big German reinforcements, although the next day a whole fresh division was sent to their aid, part going again by "taxi" and the rest by rail, the artillery going by road. The British troops crossed the Marne on the ninth, threatening the enemy forces opposed to the Sixth French army on their flank. This was the culminating point of the fight, and the Germans ceased to fight and began to retire. On the tenth the whole German army started a retreating movement to the north, thus preventing the "enveloping" movement that had been planned by Generals Joffre and Gallieni. Still the Allies' splendid generalship and the bravery of their troops had forced the Germans to a hasty retreat. The famous Paris mobile army had fulfilled its rôle by enabling the British army to make an offensive, which brought about the

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greater result. From this date until the thirteenth the Allies continued their pursuit of the enemy until the latter were able to entrench themselves in positions prepared in advance.

SEN LIS is a pretty little Cathedral town, which was used by the early Kings of France on account of the hunting in the neighborhood. This small town has had quite a stirring history. It was the scene of fierce fighting and terrible brutality in the struggles between Armagnacs and Burgundians early in the fifteenth century (terminated by the Treaty of Arras in 1435). It was taken by the English and retaken from them by Joan of Arc in 1429. Henri IV was the last King who lived at Senlis, his successors abandoning it for more imposing palaces.

The handsome Gothic Cathedral was begun in 1153 on the site of a former building which had existed since the third century. It was added to and altered in later centuries, having suffered from fire and other mishaps. The old Bishopric is built on the old Gallo-Roman walls (a portion of them being used in its construction) which in their prime had twenty-eight towers—a sign of the importance that Senlis possessed in those days. Senlis has, besides, a number of very interesting old churches, which are national monuments.

The Germans entered Senlis on September 2, 1914, after a preliminary bombardment, and immediately took possession of the town, which was greatly damaged, not only by the bombardment, but

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by intentional incendiarism. The excesses committed by the enemy at Senlis in these early days of the war did a great deal to set neutrals against them. Some twenty civilians were murdered in cold blood and without any cause. As they attacked the hospital, the Germans were met by a murderous fire from some French troops in trenches near by. In great fury they seized a number of civilians, made them go ahead to receive the fire, and they (the troops) followed, keeping close to the wall. Two ladies were thus wounded, two men killed, and two other men who were wounded were fired on by the Germans to finish them. The French troops, discovering what was happening, ceased firing, and the rest of the "hostages" fled to the French lines, fired on by the enemy.

Another terrible tragedy in Senlis was the murder of the Mayor, M. Odent. He was arrested on some futile charge, and while he was being conveyed to the Hôtel du Grand Cerf, where the invaders had their headquarters, firing broke out in the lower part of the town. M. Odent, accused of being privy to this act, was, after a mockery of a trial, shot in a field at the neighboring commune of Chamant. Six other hostages had previously been shot and buried in the same field.

(An interesting excursion for motorists is the following: To Chantilly, leaving Paris by the Porte de Clichy, via Asnières, Gennevilliers, Epinay, Saint-Gratien, Soisy, Eaubonne, Montlignon, Moisselles,

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Viarmes, Royaumont, Le Lys, Gouvieux (twenty-eight miles). After visiting Chantilly, proceed to Senlis, five and one-half miles; return to Paris via Pontarmé, Louvre and Le Bourget, which was an important center of military transport communications and an aëroplane center.)

RHEIMS, with its wonderful Cathedral, which suffered so much, as every one knows, from the bombardments of the Germans, and the Champagne battlefields, are most interesting excursions from Paris. A visit to the neighboring battlefield of Champagne is easily made on the same day, enabling the tourist to return to Paris the same evening. (Leaving the Gare de l'Est, Eastern Railway, at seven fifty-five, Rheims is reached just before noon. After lunch there is plenty of time for visiting the Cathedral and the city, besides a trip by motor-car to one of the battlefields. For those who can do it more leisurely, an interesting afternoon may be passed in Rheims itself, and the battlefields seen next day. There are several good hotels at Rheims.)

Rheims Cathedral was the scene of the Coronation of a long line of French kings, from Clovis to Charles X, the most famous of all being that of Charles VII in 1429, when Joan of Arc stood beside him holding her white banner. Mary Stuart spent a portion of her childhood at Rheims, her uncle, Cardinal Charles of Lorraine, being Archbishop of the city. One of the most important and thriving cities in this part of the country in the

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middle ages, Rheims had not sunk into being merely a shell of its former self. It remained and still remains an important center owing to its various manufactures, but chiefly to the wine industry, as it is the center of the foaming wine of Champagne. Just before the war a census showed a population of 175,000. Medieval remains in Rheims were particularly numerous and interesting. Nearly all these have been destroyed by the German fire.

Of the various churches erected on the site now occupied by Rheims Cathedral between the fifth and ninth centuries, no vestige remains. The one destroyed by fire in 1210 was, according to the testimony of contemporary historians, the finest in France. It was replaced in the course of thirty years by an immense and superb Cathedral erected according to the designs of Robert de Coucy. Growing side by side with the growth of the kingdom, it was one of the finest in Europe for its unity and the harmony of its proportions. The lightness added to grandeur of the Cathedral struck all beholders, while the wonderful Gothic carvings, the richly decorated West front, and the sculptured angels in great numbers all around the building have led to its being called the "Cathedral of Angels." M. Paul Adam beautifully remarked in his work on Rheims that they look as if they were about to fly off with the Cathedral and its congregation to heaven. The interior of the edifice is simple, and some connoisseurs preferred the Church of St. Remi

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for the beauty and harmony of its interior. It was at this church, the origin of which was coeval with the birth of Christianity, that the remains of St. Remi are supposed to have been buried in 350 A. D.

The Germans were in Rheims only from September 3 to September 12, when they retired on account of the Marne victory. But the trials of Rheims were only beginning when the enemy departed. On the day of their departure a hurricane of fire and steel began falling on the city. The bombardment of the Cathedral began on September 19 from the German positions to the north of the city, and it was speedily set on fire. The deed aroused a cry of rage and indignation throughout the civilized world. Besieged for 1,479 days, Rheims was bombarded for 1,051. The worst periods were between the middle of March and the middle of April, 1917, when over 100,000 shells fell, and the summer of 1918 when the city suffered worst of all, though by then, the remaining civil population had gone and Rheims was left to the military. Great portions of Rheims will have to be entirely rebuilt, like many other cities that suffered so much on the front.

BERRY-AU-BAC, which was the scene of so many frightful struggles, and where the twisted iron of the famous sugar works still stands to attest to the fury of the fire, is some miles out of Rheims on the road to the north. To the left stretches the ridge known

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as the Chemin des Dames; on the right are Nogent l'Abesse and Moronvilliers, whence the German guns bombarded the city. Between here and Soissons and the quarries around it there was great fighting between September 12 and October 8, 1914. For long the Germans held almost impregnable positions, and the Allies had to dig in and chase the enemy from trench to trench. In the French victory on the Aisne (April-May, 1917) thousands of Germans were captured and hundreds of guns and important positions taken. In October, 1918, the Germans were forced to evacuate their positions in this region. The hill beyond Berry-au-Bac to the right is Hill 108, which was tunneled and mined over and over again, some of the biggest mine craters on the battle front being here, and the slaughter at times was terrible.

About five and three-quarter miles to the southeast of Rheims, by the Châlons Road, is the Fort de la Pompelle, which was the chief defense of Rheims. The torn and shell-shattered condition of the road testifies what struggles took place there too, for all this territory was under the guns at Berru, Nogent l'Abesse, Cornillet and other heights which we see in the distance. It is difficult to realize that this mass of churned-up, chalky soil is a fortress, and indeed there is very little left to-day of the fortress, which was taken and retaken several times, though it was never in German hands for more than a few hours.

It is of this region—the Fort de la Pompelle and

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Ferme d'Alger, on the other side of the road—that the famous American poet Alan Seeger writes in some stirring lines in one of his poems and (more guardedly) in some letters to his mother which have been published:

Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests . . .
There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days.

ARRAS, VIMY, LENS, forming the center of most interesting battle areas, can all be visited in one day from Paris, leaving the city in the early morning by train (from the Northern Station) for Arras, and motoring thence to Lens through Vimy and over the renowned ridge and back to Arras. (Both luncheon and dinner can be taken on the train, which saves time.) To go by automobile all the way from Paris and back takes longer, though the trip will be found to be well worth while. The railway line passes through St. Denis, Chantilly, and Longueau, which with Amiens was the crucial point of the railway traffic during the war, attacks on this spot becoming very intense about the time of the Somme offensive in 1916. From Corbie the devastated region begins (this is the Valley of the Ancre), and the line from here to Albert was occupied by the Germans after their offensive of March, 1918. Albert is passed—a battered and pathetic ruin.

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ARRAS, the one-time capital of the Artois, was an important place in Roman times, and as early as the fourth century was known for its manufacture of woolen goods, the luxury of which is said to have shocked St. Jerome, and its tapestries. St. Vaast established the Christian religion here, and the Counts of Flanders took up their residence in the city. It belonged successively to the Kings of France, the Counts of Flanders, the Counts of Artois (under whom, 1180-1384, it had its greatest splendor), the Dukes of Burgundy, the Kings of Spain, and again the Kings of France. It was the scene of tournaments, jousts and other medieval festivals, and the burghers of the time became so wealthy that they lent money to the Kings and to other cities. Also in the age of St. Louis Arras was the literary capital of Latin civilization, as Rheims was the religious center. In later years it was the birthplace of the two Revolutionary leaders, Robespierre and Lazare Carnot.

Architecturally, Arras was chiefly celebrated for the two magnificent squares, the Petite Place and the Grande Place, which were surrounded by houses uniform in style, with gables from the time of the Spanish domination (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries). On the ground they were surrounded by an arcaded gallery with monolith sandstone columns. There were seventy-five houses with one hundred and eighty-two columns in the Grande Place; fifty-two houses and one hundred and nine columns in the Petite Place,

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and in the Rue de la Taillerie, which joins the two and is in the same style, twenty-three houses and fifty-four columns. These *places* were the center and soul of the town, where jousts and popular rejoicings took place and sometimes meetings of discontent, when trouble was brewing. The Hôtel de Ville, on the Petite Place, was one of the finest in Northern France. The Belfry, which was the great pride of Arras, was begun in 1463, because the echovins had no belfry for municipal needs. On the top of it stood the bronze Lion of Arras, otherwise called the "Lion of Flanders," which leaned against a lance carrying a sun with the coat-of-arms of the city and serving as a weather gauge.

The battle raged furiously round Arras from September 2, 1914, until 1916, and all that time the city was under fire, the Germans bombarding it from fifteen miles away, though at one time they were as near as three hundred yards. On October 7, 1914, the Hôtel de Ville caught fire. On the 21st a hail of heavy shells fell on the Belfry, and the eighty-ninth caused it to fall, with its Lion. Early in October, too, thousands of shells began falling on the Grande Place, and in one fire one hundred and twenty houses were destroyed. The destruction was continued and nearly completed in February, 1916. The Cathedral is now also a vast and imposing ruin.

Of the two Battles of Arras, the first raged round the city from April 8, to June 6, 1917, and resulted in a victory for the British troops, the important

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position of Vimy Ridge being taken, with about 20,000 German prisoners. The second Battle of Arras was fought from August 26, to September 3, 1918, following the victory at Amiens, when the Germans fell back on the further defenses of the Hindenburg line.

About half-way between Arras and Lens, the great coal-mining center of France, is VIMY RIDGE, which was the scene of prolonged struggles and was taken and retaken several times, being finally captured by the Canadians, who had fought for nearly two years in the locality, on April 9, 1917. The deed is commemorated by a simple but massive masonry monument, and the ridge has been presented by the Commune to the Canadian Government, which will probably erect another memorial.

The strategical importance of a place like Vimy is apparent, as it is an unsurpassed observation post over the country for fifteen miles round, while in the sunken road between the two sides of the Ridge battalions of men could be massed almost unperceived.

LENS was before the war a prosperous town of 35,000 inhabitants, and the center of a population of 100,000 all engaged in coal mining, for this is the French "Black Country." There is no scene of ruin and desolation on the whole battle front to be compared with this big town, in which one passes through street after street where scarcely a brick is left on another, all being ground to dust and white powder. Lens is the center of some twenty coal pits, and was

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the most important mining district in the Pas-de-Calais, more than 4,000,000 tons having been brought to the surface in 1913 (one tenth of the total French production). Some 16,000 workmen were employed. All the pits were flooded and destroyed in the war, and machinery, workshops, means of communication and transport, buildings all wrecked to such an extent that years will still be required to get them in working order again.

AMIENS (on the Northern of France Railway and on one of the direct routes between London and Paris) is one of France's famous cities, and has played an interesting rôle in its history. Its Cathedral is the most perfect example of Gothic art and one of the finest churches in Europe, besides being the largest in France. Built from 1220 to 1288, its sculptures are amongst the finest remaining from the middle ages and a highly remarkable summary of the religious art and thought of former times.

Owing to its strategical position, Amiens was frequently the objective of the German armies, and was in especial danger after the Battle of Charleroi, owing to von Kluck's efforts to turn the retreating Allied armies' left wing. Entering on the last day of August, 1914, they requisitioned goods and money and took hostages from among the leading citizens, but after the Battle of the Marne they were forced to leave the city on September 11. From this date until March, 1918, Amiens was saved from the attentions of the enemy—a fact of very great impor-

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tance for the Allies' military traffic. But even then the nearest approach of the enemy was some ten miles away. From this time until well on in June Amiens was subjected to heavy bombardments from aerial torpedoes and other missiles, besides a long range 280 gun, which the Australians captured near Villers-Bretonneux.

Luckily the Cathedral, although hit several times, was very little damaged, thanks to the great care that had been taken in protecting it.

VERDUN is reached from Paris by the Eastern of France Railway (Gare de l'Est), passing through Meaux, Epernay, Châlons-sur-Marne and Ste. Menehoulde. More than one day should be given to this trip. Another favorite way is to go on to Verdun via Ste. Menehoulde by automobile from Rheims, by which the tourist can view the whole extent of the Champagne battle front in its various phases, the Forest of the Argonne, etc.

Verdun is a very old fortified town on the Roman road from Rheims to Metz, and was one of the three Bishoprics (with Metz and Toul), dating from the fourth century, which played a great part in the history of France, being handed over with Alsace to this country by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648. Verdun was bombarded by the Prussians in 1792, while in 1870, after a stubborn resistance, it capitulated to the Prussians with all the honors of war and was occupied by them until the war indemnity was paid off in 1873.

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The interest of Verdun lies rather in its position as one of the foremost frontier fortresses than in anything it contains in the way of buildings, for its Cathedral is not particularly interesting.

But its name is associated with the most heroic struggles of the war. The first great effort after the Marne of the Germans to break through the front was at Verdun in 1916. The condition of the streets to-day shows how severely and persistently the town was bombarded. Nearly all the interesting old houses have disappeared, and none of the public buildings were spared. As at Rheims the shelling (chiefly in the early part of 1916) was directed principally at the religious buildings and hospitals.

Verdun was made the target of the enemy's ferocious attacks, because the town and the fortresses surrounding it constituted a standing menace to the communications of the German army and were a danger to the fortress of Metz, while Verdun was also the base of the offensive movement which the French were preparing in Lorraine. Had Verdun fallen at the time of the repeated attacks of the Crown Prince's legions, the French positions of the Argonne would have been laid bare and the French would have been compelled to "rectify" their entire front and abandon some six hundred square miles of territory to the enemy. There were other and political reasons dictating these attacks, and as the pick of the German troops were on this front, a striking success was felt to be necessary. Besides

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all these reasons there was the pressing need on the part of the Germans to possess the Briey coal basin, which can almost be seen from the Fort of Vaux and the military key to which Verdun is.

But the defenses of Verdun were the acme and combination of all the devices of the art of fortification as it has been studied from the middle ages until the most recent times.

From Verdun it is only a short motorcar ride to the two famous Forts, VAUX and DOUAUMONT, whose names will be remembered for ages to come as symbolical of French heroism. No words can give an adequate description of this land between Verdun and the forts where the fearsome struggle began in February, 1916. A few shriveled tree trunks mark the site of what once were woods. Villages that were as stubbornly fought for as if they were stores of gold are mere heaps of dust. From the top of the fort of Vaux one sees the plain across which the enemy hurled their serried masses again and again under the guns of the fortress.

It was on June 7, that small heroic garrison under Commandant Raynal had to capitulate, as they were unable to obtain further food or reënforcements, since the enemy had already taken possession of the top of the fort.

Furious fighting took place all through the summer, and regiment after regiment was sacrificed by the Germans, but Vaux was retaken by the French on November 3, 1916.

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The attack on Douaumont was the most ferocious that had up till then taken place. One hundred thousand of the most terrible German shells fell on it, and by the evening of February 25, the fort was but a ruin. It was on this date that the Germans began a series of mass attacks in serried ranks five or six deep which were met by a French division charged to oppose their passage at all costs. They wavered, grew confused, and fell back in disorder, leaving the ground covered with their dead. The massed attacks during the succeeding days to take the plateau of Douaumont were as bloody as anything during the war. The snow that had fallen was red with blood, but still the Germans came on singing songs of victory and trying to shelter behind the bodies of their dead. Finally the main body of the French had to retire, leaving a rear-guard, who contested the ground foot by foot. The subsequent counter-attack led by General Pétain was so impetuous that the Germans, taken by surprise, in spite of the slaughter that had been made in their ranks by the artillery preparation, were thrown back to beyond the ruins of the fort. The German effort was definitely broken. On October 24, the French attack on Douaumont was begun, led by General Mangin, and the fort was taken the same day. The whole of this front was retaken in 1918 by the Allied troops, valiantly aided by the Americans, the way thus being prepared for the final victory.

The French artillery fire was more intense and

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destructive during the engagements round Verdun than at any time during the war. At times five hundred batteries would be booming simultaneously. Rivers disappeared under the hurricane of fire, and hills were turned almost inside out. The death roll on both sides was terrible, but especially so on the German side.

It was on September 26, 1918, while the Fourth French army was attacking between the Moronvilliers heights and the Argonne that the American army, led by General Pershing, took up the offensive between the Argonne and the Meuse and made a determined attack on the left bank of the Meuse. Malancourt, Bethincourt, Forges, and other villages soon fell to them, and their artillery crossed the Forges brook. They cleared the woods of the enemy as they advanced, and later in the day a battle was taking place for the German stronghold of Montfaucon, a prominent observation post. By the evening it was surrounded, and two days later this place and others were in the hands of the Americans. On the right bank of the Meuse, the Americans, also under Pershing, working with a French army corps, took Brabant, Haumont, the Wood des Caures, and overpassed the line whence in February, 1916, the Crown Prince had thrown his "storm troops" on to Verdun. By the end of October, both banks of the Meuse were freed from the enemy, who in the month lost over 20,000 prisoners and large numbers of guns of all calibers.

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A few miles north of Verdun is the American shrine of *Romagne*, where in the cemetery 22,000 American youth are buried.

SAINT-MIHIEL is best visited from Verdun. En route, Vigneulles was an objective of the Allies since it was a German concentration point. Saint-Mihiel has been called the "twenty-seven hour, clean-cut American victory." Here the menace of the German grip of the French lines, harassing railway communications, was destroyed by American troops, who in three days captured the entire salient and 15,000 prisoners. The forts of Gerincourt and Haudainville are crumbled heaps, the result of the battering of long-distance guns.

YPRES and the battlefields of which it is the center can be reached from London via Calais or Boulogne and St. Omer, which was a British base, where Lord Roberts died while visiting the army. From Paris it is best to go via Lille, spend the night there (excellent and comfortable hotels) and visit Ypres and the battlefield the next day by automobile.

LILLE, a large and thriving manufacturing town, which in the middle ages rivaled Antwerp and Amsterdam and is to-day the fourth town in France, was in possession of the Germans nearly all through the war. The town was comparatively little damaged, though there are whole streets and numerous public buildings that have greatly suffered. But the invaders treated the inhabitants with great severity and cruelty, numbers were arrested for treason or

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on other charges, and a number were shot. The occupation of Lille and its suburbs was rendered particularly notorious, however, by the deportations of young girls and youths to perform field work and—according to the testimony of some—for even worse purposes. Some 25,000 persons (mostly women and children) were thus taken into slavery.

YPRES is reached from Lille via Roubaix, Tourcoing and the famous Menin Road, the Belgian frontier being crossed. Here the fighting took place in “Flanders mud.” The visitor can see the so-called “tank cemetery” and view the sites of woods, châteaux, villages and even a cemetery of which no vestiges exist, all blown away by shell fire!

Ypres was one of the most famous of the cities of the Low Countries. Its history has been tragic and romantic, for it was the scene of fratricidal struggles all through the ages. The Cloth Hall (Halle des Draperies) was built by the Guild of the cloth merchants in the thirteenth century as an exchange and warehouse. This wonderful building—the finest example of early ogival architecture existing—astonishing by the ponderous mass of its rectilinear architecture. The town hall, or Nieuwerke, adjoining the larger hall, was a graceful structure in Renaissance style, added in the seventeenth century. As all the world knows to-day, neither of these superb buildings, nor the Church of St. Martin nor any of the many interesting medieval buildings of Ypres has survived the volley of shells that were fired on them by the infu-

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riated enemy, and Ypres is nothing but a sacred ruin. The German attacks began at the end of October, 1914, and though frequently repeated, they were never able to take the town. They started firing incendiary bombs in November, and towards the end of that month the Halle was entirely in flames, while the Nieuwerke, being lighter in structure, was entirely demolished in a week or two. It was in the battles round Ypres that the enemy first made use of poison gases, and later of liquid flames.

The return journey to Lille is usually made via Armentières and Bailleul, passing Mont Kemmel, while it is not much further to push on to other "hot" places of the war—Messines, Béthune, La Bassée, all of which are full of interest for the visitor.

To visit the battlefield of the Somme tourists are advised to go from Paris (Gare du Nord) to either Longueau or Albert, and thence make the tour by car. At Albert will be seen the wreckage of the famous modern Cathedral of Notre Dame, which gave rise to one of the curious prophecies of the war. On the top of the tower stood a statue of the Virgin in copper, holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and when the bombardment began, in November, 1914, the statue, struck by a shell on the pedestal, leaned right over the church (a thousand pictures have immortalized it). Both the British troops and the peasants had a saying, which originated one does not know how, that when the statue fell the war would end, and that it would terminate in the defeat of that

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side which at the time was in possession of Albert. The statue fell shortly before the end of the war while the Germans were in Albert.

The valley of the Somme is entered at Villers-Bretonneux, where the gallant Australians have made an imperishable name. Péronne, an interesting old town and the seat of a famous, ancient Irish monastery, resisted the attacks of 1914, but fell to the enemy in 1916, and became a German stronghold. Bapaume is another tragic ruin, most of its buildings and monuments having been mined before the Germans evacuated it in 1917. Retaken by the Germans, it was finally recaptured in August 1918 by the New Zealanders. Le Sars, Courcellette, La Boisselle, and other notable places are seen—or the sites of them.

CAMBRAI and ST. QUENTIN are best visited separately from Amiens. Cambrai is famous in the arts of peace for its manufacture of fine cambric. The British attack on this town in November, 1917, was one of the most dramatic episodes in the whole war. St. Quentin is one of the most interesting of the old French towns and takes its name from a famous martyr who was done to death after torture by a Prefect of the Gauls for insulting the majesty of the Roman Emperor.

PRINCIPAL A. E. F. CEMETERIES IN EUROPE

There are approximately 915 American cemeteries in France, many, with only a few bodies, so small that as yet they bear no name. The latest information available gives the number of American bodies in France as 72,500. The following table lists only those cemeteries in which over 200 members of the A. E. F. were buried on March 4, 1919.

Location	American or French	Province	Burials, March 4, 1919
FRANCE:			
Lambezellec	American Cemetery	Finistere	1,517
Toul	Am. Cemetery, Just. Hosp. Group	Meurthe et Moselle	1,219
St. Nazaire	American Cemetery	Loire Inferieure	977
Suresnes (Paris)	American Cemetery	Seine	791
Souilly	American Cemetery	Meuse	724
Brest	American Plot, Kerfautras	Finistere	702
Bazoilles	American Cemetery	Vosges	685
Mesves	American Cemetery	Nievre	657
Chaumont	American Cemetery	Haute Marne	560
Talence	American Cemetery	Gironde	551
Verdun	Glorieux French Cemetery	Meuse	539

Fleury-sur-Aire	Am. Plot, Central Hosp. Cemetery	Meuse	531
Seringes-et-Nesles	American Battle Area Cemetery	Aisne	518
Le Mans	Amer. Plot, Grand Cemetery	Sarthe	511
Toul	American Cemetery, Sebastopol	Meurthe et Moselle	505
Madeline-Farm	American Cemetery	Meuse	443
Noyers	American Cemetery	Loire et Cher	438
Allerey	American Cemetery	Saone et Loire	437
Ploisy	American Battle Area Cemetery	Aisne	390
Cheppy-sur-Meuse	American Cemetery	Meuse	381
Rouen	St. Sever Cemetery	Seine Inferieure	381
Mars-sur-Allier	American Cemetery	Nievre	375
Froidos	Central Military Hosp. Cemetery	Meuse	352
Bonny-sur-Loire	Bonny Military Cemetery	Loiret	351
Senoncourt	American Military Cemetery	Meuse	350
La Ferte	American Sect. French Cemetery	Seine et Marne	344
Froidos	American Battle Area Cemetery	Meuse	342
Rimaucourt	American Cemetery	Haute Marne	330
Fismes	American Battle Area Cemetery	Marne	326
Dijon	American Plot, French Cemetery	Cote d'Or	319
Vittel	American Cemetery	Vosges	301
Angers	New American Cemetery	Maine et Lore	296
Vaubecourt	American Cemetery	Meuse	290
Gillemont Farm	American Battle Area Cemetery	Aisne	288
Fere-en-Tardenois	American Cemetery	Aisne	281

PRINCIPAL A. E. F. CEMETERIES IN EUROPE—Continued

Location	American or French	Province	Burials, March 4, 1919
Merignac (Bordeaux)	Fr. and Am. Mil. Cemetery, No. 2	Gironde	280
Hericourt	American Battle Area Cemetery	Haute Saone	260
Nantillois	American Battle Area Cemetery	Meuse	261
Menil la Tour	American Cemetery	Meurthe et Moselle	256
Bonvillers	American Cemetery	Oise	254
Epieds	American Military Cemetery	Aisne	249
Tours	American Cemetery	Indre et Loire	249
Nantes	American Cemetery	Loire Inferieure	249
Montlevon	American 3rd Div. Cemetery	Aisne	245
Fromereville	Military Cemetery	Meuse	244
Centrexville	American Cemetery	Vosges	242
Brizeaux	American Battle Area Cemetery	Meuse	240
Ploisy	American Cemetery	Aisne	238
Consenvoye	American Battle Area Cemetery	Meuse	237
Mouroux	American Cemetery	Seine et Marne	234
Limoges	American Cemetery	Haute Vienne	225
Clermont-Ferrand	American Cemetery	Puy de Dome	224

St. Gengoulph	American Cemetery	Aisne	221
Beaune	American Cemetery	Cote d'Or	219
Savenay	American Cemetery	Loire Inferieure	217
La Valdahon	American Cemetery	Doubs	208
Villers-Daucourt	American Battle Area Cemetery	Marne	205
Is-sur-Tille	American Cemetery	Cote d'Or	202
GREAT BRITAIN:			
Winchester	Magdalene Hill Cemetery	England	460
Liverpool	Everton Cemetery	England	520
Islay	Cemetery Kilchoman	Scotland	200

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